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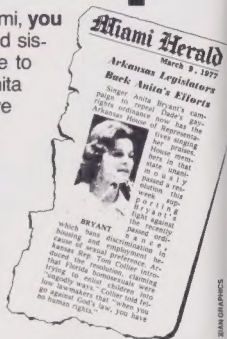
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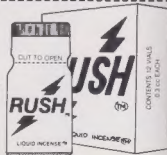
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DRUMMER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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DRUMMER

VOLUME 2/NUMBER 14

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DRUMMER

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Getting Off

The week of this writing contained the anniversary of the celebrated "Slave Auction" raid. We had considered a festive event to take place at the original scene (the Mark IV Baths) to mark that occasion that over a hundred L.A.P.D. policemen burst into our charity fund raiser and proceeded to make the world safe for homosexuals. But after some discussion and thought, it was decided that a quieter, stronger effort could be far more effective and lasting. So our resources and talents went into the speeding up of a long-cherished dream: the publishing finally of an honest-to-god newsmagazine. What better contribution to the entire gay community—leather and non-leather, men and women—than to have a national news media for communication.

There had been an effort originating at DRUMMER last summer, when what ended up as Dateline emerged. It was an anemic offering, dying almost at birth with ego trips, chicanery, ineptness and most unforgivable—a bad product.

The pitfalls of Dateline have been studiously avoided. This time there are no partners, and no committees. We have attracted an extremely capable and distinguished family of contributors from coast to coast, making perhaps the first real gay news network.

Advance sales from advertisers and from subscribers are coming in thick and fast, indicating a wide acceptance, and just as important, a deep need.

The ALTERNATE is offering to any and all who subscribed to Dateline credit on their unfulfilled subscriptions. Pending we suggest you merely send us a zero of your cancelled check. We are not legally or even morally obligated to do this. But Dateline was originally presented as a DRUMMER publication, and most subscribed to it with that assurance.

We're glad to put our energies into something bigger than a mere anniversary party. There is so much to be said and shown for the gay lifestyle from Anita Bryant's Miami to Chief Ed Davis' Los Angeles. We promise you that the ALTERNATE will say it and do it. And we promise to listen to the beat of all of the factions of the National gay community.

The L.A.P.D. would probably have raided the Anniversary party, anyway. And who wants to go through all that again.

OUR CENTER SPREAD is entitled "GIVING HEAD" by San Francisco artist OLAF ODEGAARD is the first in a series of 14" x 36" art panels exploring the nature of macho sexuality in the gay world. The full size signed lithographs are available through the artist at \$7.50 each; full details are to be found elsewhere in this issue of DRUMMER.

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

Dear Drummer:

I am a fan of yours since your first issue hit the stands (have 'em all).

Your levi-leather scenes are a great turn-on for the most part, however, I would like to make a suggestion or two. First, please cut down on the Gordon Grant and Val Martin scene, and give other hunks a chance.

Two, I would especially dig more shaving scenes in future issues. Those that you've featured during the past, have been very sexy but, I think you could do your readers a service, by showing more close up details (frame for frame). Why not show more models with military or butch haircuts (even a shaved head now and then), but please, not as ugly as the dude in the Feb. issue! (March was better.) Even though I prefer short hair, how about a page or two of models with both long and short hair (for all hair freaks) and a section on mustaches and beards (a possible feature in itself). Hope that a few of my ideas will take root (and I hope that you'll like the pictures that I've enclosed).

Also, please continue all of the good work you've done up till now (especially all hard muscled, well oiled, pierced titted and leather clad turn ons, you've shown in the past).

JCB
VA

Dear Drummer Magazine:

Once again I'm lying back comfortably with a roaring hard on having been turned on and inspired by yet another titillating issue of Fantasys and Fetishes...

... that I can only find, with any consistency, in your fine magazine. I have only twice before in my entire life, taken the time to write to a magazine, (I'd much rather draw than write, but I'm so excited by this new issue that I've done BOTH for you.)

The first letter I sent to a magazine was to BLUEBOY, (forgive me) congratulating them, and thanking them for that super hot photo layout with the foxy, hung, naked stud washing the sports car. DAMN!!! now that was sexy.

The second letter was also to BLUEBOY the day I saw their so called S&M issue. S&M in this case meaning STUPID MISTAKE. I wrote and told them the truth. I will never as much as pick up a copy of their trash rag again as long as I shall live, and I haven't to this day. What you've been doing with style and taste for years, BLUEBOY tried giving a bad name in one sweep. To hell with them!

NOW this my third irresistible urge to write and say how I feel as a devoted reader, is addressed to you Drummer the only magazine that hears by "different beat." I've got a FETISH as do most of your readers, mine is the feet, BARE-

FEET. Your western layout really turns me on, man, it really does. HOT DAMN!! Seeing that young fella's handsome masculine feet photographed behind that dressing room door set my balls a blazin'. I have even gone down to the store where I was shot and bought myself a pair of levi's and a couple of shirts, (first time I was in there a hunk had pulled off his boots which he wasn't wearing any socks with, so he was barefooted while he was trying on pants. Just like in your layout.) Now I plan to buy gifts for friends there for birthdays and stuff.

But what really got to me was that the same guy that did the photography for BLUEBOY's Car Wash, which caused me to write the first time is also the same damn guy that did the Western thing in Drummer a good year and a half later. Is he fed up with bad taste too, and now going to be shooting good stuff for you?

I'd like to see something on him like you did on ETIENNE, (who by the way is one of my all time favorites. I just love the way he draws these Big Barefeet,) telling us just a little of what the guy's done and what he's in to. Also if he sells any of those great pictures by mail so I can get some glossies.

Please don't ignore my letter, I'm pretty sure it speaks for a whole block of your readers who hate to write like I do, but would like to know the same things. And keep up the good work cause your competition sure ain't.

JA

Dear Drummer,

In your last issue your cover and centerfold was of a Target Studios model... you called him Bill King. In the Target ad, they call him Bill Ford! To complicate the confusion further, a friend, who is a truck driver, told me that he knew him, and that his name was Bill Taylor!

Will the real BILL ——— stand up and tell us his name?

CW

Long Beach

Editors Note: We goofed, his name is Bill Ford! Sorry!

Gentlemen:

Issue by issue DRUMMER gets better. Any man who sees one gets hooked on them.

Here's the poster advertising the Reems benefit that I promised you over the phone. I first became aware of the Reems trial last summer through a series of articles appearing in the New York *Village Voice*. The promotional value (for the bar) of a fund raising event was obvious. After the media coverage, "Firing Line," "Sixty Minutes," etc., I began to understand the true legal implications of the precedent which would be set by a Supreme Court verdict of guilty. I'm not

saying that I became a defender of the first amendment for purely altruistic reasons, (I don't seriously believe, for instance, that Marlin Brando will be convicted on conspiracy for "Last Tango," although it could happen) it just so happens that I like pornography a lot. I don't much care for anyone *telling* me that's wrong. Don't protect me from myself.

There are rights issues which need to be acted upon which are closer to home, (i.e. gay legislation) but none of them are, I believe, more fundamental to basic freedoms — or more pressing.

On the poster is reproduced the opening of the *Voice* article and a concise summation of the conspiracy case and its ramifications published by the defense fund itself. I believe the posters made a lot of people aware of the situation. They were sent to bars throughout Florida and Georgia along with a letter urging owners and managers to consider holding similar fund raising events.

The night itself was a real kick. Members of the Hard Corps M.C. helped out at the bar. The hot dogs, steamed in sauerkraut and beer, were a hit. The "Anita Bryant Dildo Award" was presented for best performance by a male (actor). Though he was not acting, Jim Norton of Jacksonville was presented with the large rubber trophy for spending, on almost any given night, more time in the bar nude than dressed.

It's always tough to get patrons out of the place at closing time. I've always thought that turning on bright lights was an ugly thing to do and figure that the men will get the hint if the music is lowered and the lights behind the bar turned off; the outer steel door gets rolled into place and everyone leaves when they want to. On benefit night everyone got the hint alright, but not "to leave." The party continued for quite a while and no one even noticed that the bartender was missing. Luckily he had the next day off — and I slept right through it.

Thanks again for a great magazine.

Tony
Jacksonville, Florida

Editor:

Thanks muchly for publishing Geo. Birimisa's *POGEY BAIT!*

How about a list of o.j. brands that don't have Florida juice? Our Lady of the Citrus Acid isn't going to stop her anti-gay crusade, so let's stick the bitch where it hurts.

What do you think of the enclosed coal symposium flyer? It is hardhat humor!

Why not reprint the best of *Straight To Hell's S&M* and raunchy? Boyd McD. did print some *choice* stuff.

Stay tight,
Ugly Roy

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your quick reply to my letter regarding the cheque that I sent to you for the renewal of my sub-

scription to *DRUMMER*, which also included one dollar for information about The Leather Fraternity, and the price of The Best and Worst of Drummer.

Thank you for all the great help you have given me; I can only say, that if all publication firms dealt with their customers as closely as you do, we definitely would have a better mail-order system throughout.

Keep up the terrific work, and I hope to hear from you soon.

P.R.L.
Vancouver, Canada

Dear Drummer:

Just thought I'd send you a copy of this article explaining the conspicuous absence of reports of sexual abuse by pirates. They were not deprived, because they didn't need women. But considering their temperament, it seems likely they probably raped some of their prisoners for thrills similar to those outlined in your article "MALE RAPE."

I love your magazine! It's the best yet!

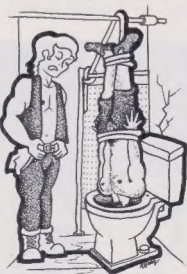
MM

Sirs:

OK, maybe I'm going blind and/or dumb (too much shit in my eyes?) but I've read Issue No. 12 from Top to Bottom and cannot find out how much a subscription costs, let alone how to become a member of The Leather Fraternity.

Punish me if I missed it, but please, Sirs, give me what I need. I swear I'm over 21 and Macho.

Your Obedient Servant,
Bill
New York



Honest Claude! You hang around in the DAMNDEST places!

Dear Drummer,

I enjoy your magazine very much and will subscribe soon. On the subject of bike clubs:

At last somebody had the balls to tell it like it is. For my part, I am anxious to join a club but can't seem to reach any members; they are all so hung up on ego and power trips.

I have access to supplies, etc., that would be of great value to clubs on runs. I am willing to be hard working and loyal to my club. I also do not have two or three years to hang around while they make up their minds.

Now, let's hear it from the clubs. How can us serious, genuine bikers at least bridge the communications gap and let you know our potential? Even the Marines are looking for "a few good men."

JOHN
Hollywood

Dearest Drummer:

Let's hear it again for riding breeches! (I refer to the letter from Don at Hermosa Beach, in Issue No. 12, praising the use of riding breeches as in some *MOVIE MAYHEM* items in the Holiday Issue of *DRUMMER*.)

Breeches have been my principal fetish all my life, and I've especially enjoyed their appearance in the "funnies" and in movies through the years. I, too, would deeply enjoy any coverage you might provide on this subject — like Don of Hermosa Beach, with whom I hope to get in touch, once I save enough bucks to join the Fraternity. In fact, while I'm on the subject, I'd like to say that the cost of "joining" seems rather high, although I do admit to having received the highest joy from your publication. (Also, your response to my order for past issues was most prompt, and by first-class dispatch!)

You may be interested that I learned of *DRUMMER* through another excellent publication — *FETISH TIMES* — which gave you high praise a few issues back. They, like you, are doing marvelous work in emancipating people like me from the fear of being freaky and unique in the world, and alone.

Many, many thanks, and please add my vote to Hermosa Beach Don's for coverage on riding breeches — if there is anything to be "covered." My experience has been that's a rather limited interest — which is why I just about exploded when I saw his marvelous letter in Issue No. 12.

Love to you all, including Jeanne Barney, whom I shall miss —

PIERCE
San Francisco

Dear Drummer:

I hope my sense of humor is up to your standards and that you accept the enclosed cartoon for publication in *DRUMMER*.

A.H.
Yorktown Heights, NY



DRUMMER TALKS TO DAVID KOPAY

The English word "agony" comes from the Greek word for athletics, and David Kopay asserts "That makes sense to me." Well, the former National Football League running back should know what he's talking about, as football has been his whole life for the last twenty of his thirty-five years. The following article is gleaned in part from his newly-published book, *The David Kopay Story* (written with Perry Deane Young), and in part from a personal interview I conducted with him while he was in Los Angeles recently on a promotional tour.

Noting that football surely represents one of the most rigid subcultures in America, the book claims that "In few other areas will young men be found so willing and anxious to obey commands

no matter how unreasonable they are. The coach is not only dictator and king but God (or a direct conduit to Him) as well. To question the coach in high school is to violate the first rule of the sport: obedience. To question the coach in college or professional football is to invite expulsion and fines. It is no coincidence that many of the more successful players and coaches in football are products of authoritarian Catholic backgrounds—" as is David Kopay.

He was born on June 28, 1942, in Chicago, to lower middle class, poverty-prone parents. His father, an ex-Marine, resorted constantly to violence as a release from his frustrations. "I do not remember a time in our house when there was not some kind of fight going on between my parents," Kopay reports. "Once when I was eleven years old I heard my mother crying for help from the living room. I ran to see my father choking her. I thought he was going to kill her and I started yelling, 'Stop it, stop it!' . . . Another time I sat up all night in the den, afraid to go to sleep because my mother said after one of their fights, 'Your father might kill himself and us.'

"On more than one occasion this violence was turned on me. Once I was wrongly blamed for carving a big 'K' on the back of a new rosewood buffet my parents had bought. My father chased me, swinging his belt wildly and shouting, 'You no good son of a bitch.' He cornered me in the bathroom and kept beating me until I used a plunger to fend off his blows and ran out the door. I don't think my father really wanted to hurt me. I think his violence was the same I saw later in myself and other athletes. Our frustration — in many cases over sex — caused us to strike out blindly, my father at a defenseless child, myself and other athletes at other men obviously weaker than we were."

Those early years, plus an intensely competitive nature, stood Kopay well as he passed through a series of punitive parochial schools and finally found his own release on the football field. He was co-captain of the University of Washington's Rose Bowl team on January 1, 1964, and spent some ten years as an "aggressive" running back for the San Francisco Forty-Niners, the Detroit Lions, the Washington Redskins, the New Orleans Saints, and the Green Bay Packers.

Photos by CHARLIE AIRWAVES



"PEOPLE HAVE CHALLENGED ME ABOUT BEING GAY — THAT'S A SENSE OF SURVIVAL TO ME, AND I'LL DO ANYTHING. I MEAN, I'LL KNOCK THEIR FUCKIN' HEAD OFF!"

However, he claims today that he had to learn that aggressiveness, and never really "got into violence as an aspect of football. People say," he told me, "that 'Well, you gotta be crazy, how could that be true?'"

But it is true that he always lived with fear. Maintaining that he could never eat much before a game, he explained "I usually went and had a really big gourmet dinner at some restaurant the night before, whatever town we were in. So I was full of crap. But then the anxiety — the fear thing — the whole thing of having the crap scared out of you, or the piss scared out of you: well, let me tell you, I took five or six pisses before a ballgame!"

"Still, I always looked at it in terms of doing my job. I remember one time I was playing at the University of Washington, we were playing a big game against Oregon — they had a number of really great players. And it was a crucial game, we were going up and down the field, back and forth, I was playing the entire game, both ways — which I joke about kinda carried over into the rest of my life. And it was like they're going for the winning touchdown. If I don't make the play, they win the game."

Well, all of a sudden I see the play develop and the ball's coming into my area and here comes a receiver, and I'm looking through the ball, and I know that he's got his hands on the ball, and I totally — I mean I destroyed him! But it wasn't destroying him personally. It was just destroying the play! And he had the ball, and he fumbled it, and we got the ball, and he went out of the game and he had two broken ribs. Now, I did my job. I wasn't into breaking ribs, see? It was just protecting my territory. It was a game of survival. People have challenged me about being gay — that's a sense of survival to me, and I'll do anything. I mean, I'll knock their fuckin' head off!"

Dave Kopay is what we call a "late bloomer," not having come to terms with his homosexuality until his late twenties, and, finally, publicly announcing his "preference for sex with men" as part of a Washington Star series on "Homosexuality in Sports" which ran in December, 1975. As much as candid autobiography, his book details the reasons for his decision and the events leading up to it as well as the repercussions it caused — notably in the hostile sports world. "I

was out to prove that I was in no way less a man because I was homosexual," he summarizes.

Today he recognizes the fact that the "fear of physical love kept me from a healthy, happy life for a long time. It's also the reason, I think, that few real friendships develop among football players. On the field we can get away with all kinds of physical affection men wouldn't risk showing anywhere else. We aren't ashamed to reach out and hug our teammates. After a touchdown you will see men embracing on the field like heterosexual lovers in the movies."

"We were able to hold hands in the huddle and to pat each other on the ass if we felt like it. I think these are healthy expressions of affection. What is unhealthy, I think, is that we are so afraid of expressing ourselves in the same way anywhere outside of the stadium, out of uniform . . . I do think that the fear of physical love that kept me and numerous teammates from developing deeper relationships reflects a serious confusion about homosexuality."

Much of Kopay's conversation, as well as the book, is preoccupied with parallels between football and sex. ("The game was a kind of replacement for sex in my life."), especially as it pertains to violence and aggression. He will not go so far as to say that an offensive player must have elements of the sadist, or a defensive player elements of the masochist, simply because "I never put it on that level. I think we all have passive and aggressive feelings, but they're not necessarily sadistic or masochistic. Those are extremes."

"I was tough and aggressive enough when I was running with the ball, when I was getting hit myself. But when it came to going after the other guys, I was very frightened. I overcame all that when I got to college, but for a long time I knew you could get hurt making a tackle much easier than getting hit yourself. The power of your own momentum, when you're running toward somebody, gives extra force."

"I've been totally destroyed out on the football field, y'know? Both emotionally and physically, played with torn ligaments — I mean, totally destroyed! And the next morning I woke up and 'hey, I'm alive!' and your body regenerates and your emotions come back, and it teaches you not only the emotional level





"AN INITIATION LIKE THAT IS LIKE S AND M. MAYBE THEY WON'T DEAL WITH 'THINGS' OUT FRONT, SO THEY DEAL WITH 'THINGS' BEHIND THE SCREEN"

but it teaches you that physical level of kind of overcoming — mind over matter — by plugging into 'em, I'm gonna get better! Things are gonna get better!' To me, at least, that's the way it is. It was always the fourth quarter when I got stronger. It was like 'all right, let's go, come on! It's gotta be done! We gotta finish!'"

Changing the subject, I reminded Dave that from my reading, both in his and other sports books, the fiendish initiations athletes have to endure to get into various sports fraternities and organizations seem to be strangely centered on the genitals and buttocks. To join the Big W Club, reserved to lettermen at the University of Washington, for example, he himself tells of being paddled until "my ass was black and blue, covered with blood blisters . . . It was two full weeks before I could sit down without a reminder of the Big W Club initiation."

How, I asked, did he account for the ultimate in macho males concentrating their energies so specifically on that area? His initial response was brief and to the point: "S and M." Then he explained further: "An initiation like that is like S and M. Maybe they won't deal with 'things' out front, so they deal with 'things' behind the screen. It's like there's maybe such a need to express oneself physically through sex, but it's been so cut off to 'em that it becomes a very frustrating point in their lives, and that results, in a way, I think, in this S and M treatment."

Rookies in training camps, I point out, are put through a kind of hazing which always seems to either strip them down (at least to jock straps) or to get them

into drag — as shown in George Plimpton's *Paper Lion* (a film in which Kopay appeared briefly). How explain this? "Maybe in a way it's a kind of joking at the seriousness of themselves," Dave reflects. "I think that's what we do when we camp. I think camping can be fun, occasionally, kind of playing a different role, because you're making fun of that role. I've seen that area really enacted in the gay world!"

As our conversation gets more deeply into the world of leather and S and M, however, Kopay betrays an all too common lack of knowledge about the experience. "When you really get into S and M men, or heavy leather people, it seems like they're always so serious, to me, no fuckin' sense of humor," is his generalization, compounded by the following: "They're dry, they're rude, they take themselves like — I just don't know. It's weird. And I think gay leathermen treat the effeminate homosexual much worse than I've ever seen any heterosexual treat him. I mean, it's absolutely evil!"

And, despite his rugged six-foot-two, 205 pound physique, Kopay himself confesses to having experienced some pretty nasty treatment himself, by his peers, upon proclaiming his homosexuality. He puts it this way: "Sometimes it's just very difficult to know if you're making any headway or not. Or also, I think sometimes, we tend to put up those invisible walls ourselves."

"I think if I've learned anything on the tour for the book, it's been exactly that: that where I've expected to be treated as something less than a person, or some oddball, being a homosexual football player — it's been anything but that. Overall, people, heterosexuals, have been understanding." But then he has to admit "maybe just two or three were kind of 'what the hell are you doing?' The rest of them were absolutely wonderful! Now I don't know how they were behind my back or anything, but to my face, and around all their peers and all the management people and all the technicians, it was like 'right on, babe!' and they knew what I was saying" and were very plugged-in to human rights: to feel free to love and be happy."

Finally, I wondered about what kind of a guy Dave Kopay finds attractive in a sexual way, having inferred from several references in his book that it would be a tall, blond, blue-eyed athlete. Dave laughs at this and reveals that his "special friend" right now is tall, yes, but dark-haired. "I'm very fluctuating," he levels. "I think it's very boring to have just one type. To me, that's as amazing as just doing one thing in bed. You see people that have a handkerchief in this pocket and keys in that pocket — and you wonder, 'is that all they do?' What a limiting thing! They might as well be married and doing the missionary position. I like to be very free!"

There was one last point he wanted to make, harking back to the subject of football as a substitute for sex. Having given it some more thought, he concluded, that "maybe it's vicariously a sexual experience without even realizing it. I'm not the first person to say 'power is an aphrodisiac.' Kissinger recently said 'power may be the ultimate aphrodisiac.' Well, the game of football is a game of power, a game of dominance. You see all the male bonding with heterosexuals going to watch the ballgame together with all that man-to-man — God, it is almost a sexual experience!"

"The whole language of the game is involved in sexual allusions. We were told to go out and 'fuck those guys,' to take the ball and 'stick it up their asses' or 'down their throats.' The coaches would yell, 'knock their dicks off,' or more often than that, 'knock their jocks off.' They'd say 'Go out there and give it all you've got, a hundred and ten per cent, shoot your wad.' You controlled their line and 'knocked 'em into submission.'"

"Over the years I've seen many a coach get emotionally aroused while he was diagramming a particular play into an imaginary hole on the blackboard. His face red, his voice rising, he would show the ball carrier how he wanted him to 'stick it in the hole.'" Then Dave Kopay thought for a moment, realized how closely he'd come to proving my thesis, and ended the interview with a sheepish—if healthy — laugh.

— Ed Franklin

THE DAVID KOPAY STORY by David Kopay and Perry Deane Young. Arbor House Publishing Co., Inc., 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Hardbound, illustrated (murkily), 247 pages, \$8.95.

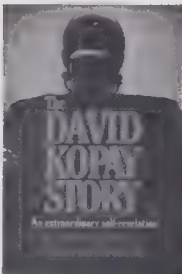
Unti, he burst out of his closet via Lynn Rosellini's "Homosexuals in Sports/Why Gay Athletes Have Everything to Lose" Washington Star story, the David Susskind Show, and Tom Snyder's "Tomorrow." David Kopay was not necessarily a name that rang with familiar resonance in your everyday gay household. As a professional football player, he was not numbered among such media pets as Joe Namath, Paul Hornung, or Sonny Jurgensen.

Not that he hadn't built a respectable career in his chosen profession: co-captain of the University of Washington's 1964 Rose Bowl team and some 10 years as an "aggressive" running back for the San Francisco Forty-Niners, the Detroit Lions, the Washington Redskins, the New Orleans Saints, and the Green Bay Packers. Then, on December 9, 1975, with his star apparently in the ascendancy (his "Itinerant" career came to an abrupt end when he was inexplicably cut by Green Bay — after the usual deadline — at the end of training camp agony in 1974), he publicly announced he preferred men to women as sex partners.

The thrust of this book is to expose not Kopay's on-field activities but rather his off-field ones. Writing in awkward tandem with gay collaborator (but, they are at pains to protest, not lover) Perry Deane Young, our football hero's prolonged sexual maturation is exhaustively, if uncollegially, set forth.

"I had special feelings for my buddies in grade school," Kopay recalls, "but the only way this ever came out was in wrestling on the playgrounds or jostling around a swimming pool. . . I had never heard of masturbation when I first tried it. I was in the fifth grade and woke up one night with an erection protruding through my pajamas. It felt good rubbing against the cool sheets. For a long time that was the way I masturbated until I discovered it felt even better to use my hands. . . . Sexual arousal came very naturally to me."

From eighth grade he went to what he calls the "all-male paradise" of Clareville seminary on Dominguez Hill (10 miles below L.A.), where physical contact was specifically forbidden and the required "modesty of the eyes" meant, as Kopay regretfully remembers, "We never saw each other naked. The showers were inside stalls with doors, and we had to go in and out of them fully clothed. . . . We were not allowed to lie back on the grass or around the swimming pool, presumably because this was a suggestive pose that might provide an 'occasion for sin'."



Nevertheless he did manage to develop a "special relationship" with an athlete who was two years older and captain of the basketball team. "He had blond hair, blue eyes, sharp features and stood six feet three. He moved with a real swagger. He wore taps on his shoes and kept his pants just a bit lower on his hips than the rest of us." Kopay's attraction to that particular physical type pops up time and again in this candid book, written with a delicacy of diction far removed from the gamy prose characteristic of other contemporary sports reminiscences.

After 18 months at the seminary, Kopay (originally the Croatian "Kopayitch") went to Notre Dame High School where "one of my classmates was John Becker, a grade school buddy who was the first boy I was ever consciously attracted to sexually. . . . now I see a pattern with the friend at the seminary, with John in grade and high school and later with a fraternity brother in college. I would imagine how they looked naked, or think sometimes about holding them — or, more often, about being held by them."

Next stop was the University of Washington where his "best friend" was a blond basketball player here fictionally named "Ted Robinson." Despite mandatory fleeting flirtations with heterosexuality ("I also had a girl reserved just for sex. . . . she had already made it with my brother Tony and some others on the team. The first time, I had an orgasm just in foreplay. . . . her ass reminded me of Ted's"). his *grand affaire de coeur* was with his "buddy."

In straightforward, uncluttered prose, Kopay writes "We would drink a lot of beer in those days. One night, back from a round of drinking, we ended up in each other's arms on one of the beds on the fraternity's sleeping porch. We kept our clothes on, but I had an orgasm just from rubbing against Ted and holding him. . . . later we did get around to taking our clothes off. After a while I was able

to have oral sex with Ted. I also wondered how I would feel in anal intercourse with a man."

Well, you get the idea. Don't expect "throbbing cocks" or "tight hot assholes," and you won't be disappointed. You might be turned on, however, by descriptions of fraternity initiation where "good looks had a lot to do with who was chosen during rush" and springtime's Hell Week involved wearing "dingie bells" around their cocks and Kotex belts soaked in moaisers for the entire week.

There were "line-ups" at all times of night which were "cruel exercises in physical endurance" as pledges were given "many whacks with a paddle" or required to "pick up an olive off a block of ice with the crack of their ass and running with it. . . . The loser had to eat the olive." On one occasion "it got to be incredibly brutal. The outline of my shorts had been beaten into my skin and I felt like I was on fire. I went upstairs to the head, pulled my pants down and looked in the mirror. My ass was black and blue, covered with blood blisters. It was two full weeks before I could sit down without a painful reminder of the. . . initiation."

Born on June 28, 1942, in Little Company of Mary Hospital in Chicago to a family of which he states "I do not remember a time in our house when there was not some kind of fight going on between my parents" and raised in the violently restrictive rigidity of militant Roman Catholics, Kopay confesses that "my own break with the church coincided with my later awareness of my natural preference for sex with other men."

Explaining his decision to "come out" so publicly, he maintains "I know I have always been a homosexual. I also know I am a very good athlete. I was out to prove that I was in no way less a man because I was homosexual. Of course taking on any label is self-limiting and wrong. But that's not the point." He has now rather pathetically discovered that "because of my homosexuality I can't get a job as a coach."

"Unless certain attitudes change there's no way for me to function in this society doing what I want to do. If some of us don't take on the oppressive labels and publicly prove them wrong, we'll stay trapped by the stereotypes for the rest of our lives."

Such is the thesis of his book, and it is one that cannot be stated too often nor too strongly. It makes the work well worth reading, though more of an eye-opener for straights (who probably won't read it) than for gays (who, hopefully, will). In its self-effacing, understated outspokenness it is the kind of quiet indictment of our society that could mean a great deal to our cause.

EROTIC DOTS

Warning: when completed, this will be a sexually explicit drawing. If you will be offended by the content, do *not* connect the dots!



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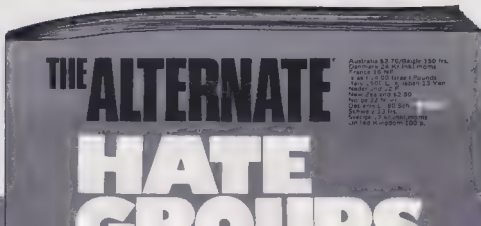
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S&M GYM



By G.B. MISA

It was a week after the Super Bowl when I heard the news that Mike McKenna, the superstar quarterback for the San Francisco 49ers had taken over the management of a rundown gym in midtown San Francisco. As I entered the health studio I stumbled on the steps, feeling like an awkward teenager about to meet his hero. I had a picture of Mike scotch-taped to the wall of my bedroom in Twin Peaks and I'd shove poppers up my nose and jerk off over his rugged handsomeness. My eyes weren't focusing as I held out my shaking hand. But then, suddenly, Mike McKenna picked me up off the floor and was holding me in the air with one arm, "You're the little fucker who runs that gym out in Stonestown, right?" he asked in a rich baritone voice.

"Ah . . . ah . . . yeah!" I felt like a jerk because I couldn't talk without stuttering.

"So you're the guy who made that guy a gold mine." He looked very surprised. "You look like you should be in high school."

I thanked the good Lord I was wearing my jockey shorts, otherwise my raging hard on would have given me away on the spot. When Mike finally put me down, the lobby tilted wildly, swirling and waving, almost as if I were on acid.

"You okay, kid?"

All I could do was nod my head dumbly. I had just turned twenty-one but I was acting like a silly school girl. "I made a double bonus last month because I sold so many memberships." I finally managed to speak without stuttering.

"Hey, Georgie, I want you to

meet my wife." Mike punched me on the arm playfully but it sent electric shots of desire through my tensed body. My heart sank as I looked at her. She was a bleached blonde with big tits and very red lipstick and she didn't look up from the *National Enquirer* she was reading.

My eyes finally focused and for the first time I really looked at Mike McKenna in the flesh. He had about two hundred and twenty-five pounds of rock hard muscle on his six-foot-three frame. I was breathing hard as my eyes feasted on his powerful body. When he moved his right bicep the black panther tattoo seemed to take a step forward. He had as defined a build as Arnold Schwarzenegger and his thick curly hair contrasted with his cream skin that was as smooth as a baby's ass. He had wide, sky blue eyes and a naive smile that showed large, even teeth.

That night I jerked off three times as I stared at the photo of Mike McKenna intercepting a pass, wishing that his giant hands were wrapped around me instead of the pigskin. I KY'd my ass hole and jammed a big banana up it and finally fell asleep, dreaming of Mike humping my tail. The following night I went to the Ambush, but my heart wasn't in it. How in hell was I going to find even a reasonable facsimile of my stalwart football hero? And how in hell can a horny young stud be reasonable when he thinks of Mike McKenna? A week later I picked up a leather dude with his Harley and tons of chains but he wasn't Mike and I ended up on top, shoving my fist up his craphole and leaving him chained in his own dungeon. He had a roommate so I figured he'd get unchained sooner or later.

I was obsessed with Mike McKenna. I knew I had to have that gorgeous hunk of man. It got so I was hanging around his gym a couple of nights a week, but what could I do? She was there, chewing bubble gum with her nose stuck in that god-damned *Enquirer*. It seems she was always reading about an axe murder or a

Illustration by HARRY BUSH

beheading. As the weeks went by my jerk off fantasies got heavier and heavier. I juiced the wall of my bedroom when I fantasized Mike shoving his fist up my bunghole, all the way to his elbow.

I got really busy at my gym so I didn't visit Mike for a week. But when I finally got there I was in luck. She wasn't there. "How come you keep coming down to see us peasants?" Again he lifted me off the floor and I almost shot a big wad into my jockey shorts. He was stripped down to sweat pants, and my nose was practically in his sweaty armpit. I felt like sticking my tongue into all that manly sweat, of getting lost in the black forest of his deep armpit.

He finally put me down. "I guess I stink pretty bad. Been workin' out hard!"

I tried but I couldn't tear my eyes away from his powerful pectoral muscles, monster hills lightly covered with black hairs. My eyes followed the thick blue-green vein that pulsed down across his stomach and disappeared into his sweat pants. I wondered if his cock had a thick vein in it, too.

"You okay, Georgie?" he asked. I guess I had been looking for the thick vein in his crotch.

"Oh, ah, I'm fine." I mumbled, pulling my eyes away from the incredible bulge in his sweat pants. "Mike, why don't you wash out your sweat pants?"

"Ain't nothin' much of anything since Gwen left me." he said sadly.

"Your wife left you?" I tried to keep the joy out of my voice, wondering if she had left him for an axe killer.

"Might even lose the gym unless I start selling membership!"

I felt like volunteering to save his gym from bankruptcy but if I ever saw a dude who was as straight as a board it was Mike McKenna. I felt that if I made the wrong move I would beat the living shit out of me. Fantasy's fun but a guy like Mike could put me in the hospital or cripple me for life. His reputation for violence on the football field had earned him the name of Killer Mike McKenna but I read when anyone called him "Killer" he was ready to rip them apart.

"This fuckin' run-down hole . . . it's the pits . . . the cunts won't come nowhere near it," he growled, looking at the cunts through clear blue eyes that made my heart skip two beats. "You get a lot of pussy out in your gym, Georgie?"

"All I can eat." My mind was working fast. Here was my golden opportunity. I'd come late on purpose, hoping against hope that we might be alone, and something might happen. "What time you close, Mike?"

"Closed now, kid. Just have to lock the doors."

"Well, ah . . . you going to kick me out or can I hang around?"

"Hang around. I need someone to sit on my back while I do my tone raises."

"I'll be glad to do that," I said, trying to keep the trembling out of my voice.

"Hey, you feel like workin' out, Georgie?"

"Sure thing!" I tried to keep my tone casual. I'm only five feet nine but I have a terrific body and an ass that won't quit.

I wanted desperately for Mike to see it. Who knows?

"You can work out in your jockey shorts," he said, as he pressed three hundred pounds ten times over his head as if the weight were a feather. "Nobody here but us chickens." He did his squats with six hundred pounds and when he finished his three sets his sweat pants were hanging low and a river of sweat poured down the crevice of his ass. I wanted to lap it up like a dog.

Turning away from Mike I slipped my hand into my shorts, quickly flipping my bone hard shaft against my stomach, praying he wouldn't see it, concentrating on trying to make it go soft. Every once in awhile I could see him eyeing me in a puzzled way. Did he know or did he suspect? The toughest part came when I sat on his glistening sweaty back while he did his tone raises and my hands were gripping his stone hard deltoid muscles. I slid across the slick, sweaty surface and almost fell off. His smell was driving me up the wall. I would've loved to bottle his sweat and I wanted to rip off his pants and lick his body from his head to his giant toes. Yet I couldn't help wondering if he were wearing the sweat pants to hide spindly legs. I knew a lot of weightlifters in my gym who wore sweat pants to hide their skinny calves.

Well, I didn't have to wait long. "Time for a shower," he said as he whipped off his sweat pants and stood in front of me in his dirty jock strap. I could see where his power came

from on the football field. His calves were thick, masculine and beautifully defined. "Finish your workout, Georgie! Take your time."

I sighed in relief because I didn't want to go through the ordeal of taking a shower with Mike. He'd see my raging, drippy cock. Already my shorts were sopping wet from precum. "You sure it's okay, Mike?" I asked.

"Ain't got no place to go, Georgie." Quickly he pulled off his jock strap and threw it on the exercise bench. I couldn't pull my eyes away from his enormously fat dick and his heavy, sagging balls. I was totally mesmerized. He turned his head to the side, giving me a quizzical look. I laughed nervously and went back to my last exercise. Was he standing there deliberately, showing off his magnificent body to see my reaction? I didn't know.

Then I was alone. I waited breathlessly until I heard the sound of the shower and I quickly grabbed his jock strap and inspected it avidly as my heart pounded insanely. It was grimy with streaks of sweat. I pressed it hard against my nose and took a deep breath. I almost shot a huge wad right on the spot. I was in a wild, heart pounding ecstatic place. I'd never felt this way in my life before. Completely forgetting where I was I lay back on the exercise bench after pushing my splattered shorts down to my knees and I ground Mike's jock strap into my face as my tongue licked at the caked on sweat stains. I grabbed my drooling shaft and began to whack away for all it was worth. Shit, this was almost as good as Killer McKenna . . . in person! I wondered wildly if I could get away with stealing his jock strap. As I closed my eyes I was letting out guttural sounds. "Mike . . . Mike . . . Mike . . . so good . . . so good!" I knew I was safe as I could hear the shower in the distance. My orgasm started down in my toes, deep in my butt and I could feel it in my chin and chest and suddenly it was happening. "Ahhhhh . . . ahhhhh . . . ahhhhh," I screamed as the thick cum shot from me like a cannon, splattering on my face, dribbling down to my mouth. I hungrily stuck out my tongue to lick my own juice as I opened my eyes and found myself staring into the sky blue eyes of Killer McKenna.

There was a ferocious scowl on his face but he was motionless, like a Rodin statue. My mind reeled crazily, trying to think up an excuse but there was no doubt about it, I was caught red handed with Mike's dirty jock strap wrapped around my head and my hand gripping my rock-hard pecker.

"You fuckin' perverted creep!" His heavily muscled arm shot out, grabbing me by the hair, jerking me to a sitting position. "You look like a fuckin' choir boy and you're into shit like this!" His rage was monumental as his ham-like fist shot out and my head exploded. I dropped deep into a chasm that was filled with orange-green-red exploding patterns of light and then there was nothingness.

I don't know how long I was unconscious but when I finally opened my eyes I saw three Mike "Killer" McKennas. For a mad second I thought he was triplets. All three of them were sitting on the exercise bench bare assed naked and they were glaring at me with a wild, insane, look. They were talking but I couldn't make out the words. Finally the reverberating voices became a single deep baritone. "What the fuck's the matter with you? A kid like you going around sucking dick! I got buddies on the vice squad, I should turn you over to them!" Unconsciously his hand moved down to his heavy piece of meat and he groped himself. Suddenly I didn't care if he killed me. My compulsion for Mike McKenna was overpowering my sense of survival. I couldn't pull my eyes away from his giant dong. At first I just opened my mouth and stared hard at it. Then I began to lick my lips and my eyes were like laser beams of desire that hit their target. Suddenly his enormous cockhead began to swell. It was difficult for me to believe I hadn't been hard before because it was so big and fat, and yet, it continued to grow. I guess he could feel it happening for he quickly looked down and I saw a look of surprise and horror on his face. He was obviously freaked out because he was getting a hard-on. Wild with desire, I deliberately made a sucking noise, letting the spittle run down my chin, pursing my lips as an invitation to his gigantic tool.

"You degenerate faggot!" he screamed but he couldn't stop the monster between his legs. It was in full control now, the slick head pushing out from the foreskin, wet and shiny with some fluid dripping in spasmodic dribbles from his almost doorknobbed size head.

"Please, Mike, please!" I moaned in an ecstasy of insane abandon. "Let me suck that big dick!"

Again his giant hand slammed down on the side of my face. This time it wasn't his fist. His other hand shot out slapping me hard on the chest, hitting my nipples. This really drove me wild and he must've seen both my nipples rise in passion, asking for more. My iron-hard shaft was spurting all over my stomach even though I'd just shot my load a few minutes before.

"No matter what the fuck I do, it turns you on!" He was ranting and raving. I don't know if he was aware of it but his mighty shaft was pressed up against my leg, dribbling down it. His giant hand came down on my stomach and I moaned in rapture and then his fingers were twisting my nipples. I was sure he was going to pull them off. "Do you love every fuckin' thing I do to you?"

Now my head was in his strong hands, my face four inches away from his glowering countenance. He made a wretching sound from deep inside his throat and then he spat directly into my face. "Yes, you do! Yes, you do!"

He was irrational, raving on and on! "If I branded my initials on your ass you'd love it, you queer motherfucker!"

"Anything... Mike... anything!" I moaned.

Suddenly he grabbed my balls and twisted hard. I screamed, half in pain and half in ecstasy as the blackness crashed in on me. When I regained consciousness he was towering over me, his large feet spread wide. He was an incredible sight with his sweating, glistening gladiator's body. I could see him killing a lion with his bare hands in an ancient Coliseum. His angry rage made his muscles tense and his abdominal muscles were as defined as a washboard. My eyes moved hungrily to the black hair on his big muscular legs, leading up to huge hairy balls and buns. My eyes glinting and my mouth watering I stuck out my tongue in a lewd gesture staring directly at his bumphole. "Fuckin' choir boy shitteater!" he yelled, as he sat on my face and my nostrils filled with his pungent man smell. I let out an animal cry of joy.

"Slurp on that asshole!" he snarled. "I didn't take a shower! Saved all that shit for you! Lick it clean, you cocksucker!"

My "Yes, Mike" was muffled by his heavy ass cheeks smothering my face. I lapped him like a hungry dog and after awhile his tight spincter muscle began to relax and my starving tongue slipped inside his tender hole to the velvet smoothness of his canal. From somewhere came a low, animal moan of passion. My heart did a flip flop as I realized it was Mike McKenna. It was hard for me to believe that I was actually turning on the Killer. Getting bolder, I grabbed the giant cheeks of his ass and spread them as wide as I could and really went to work on his delicious, tender hole. Suddenly he turned over and I took a deep breath. Mike was on all fours giving me access to his gorgeous ass. Now I really spread the cheeks wide and went back to work. A moment later I could see his huge paw wrapped around his ten inches of uncircumcized dong and he was whacking away at it madly. I almost panicked, scared to death he might drop that load on the gym floor.

But I didn't have to worry. "Eat me!" he whirled around, screaming the words in command as he shoved his glistening satiny cockhead into my waiting mouth. I hungrily licked the golden drooling pre-cum from the gigantic knob and then I stuck my tongue into the strong smelling smegma, cleaning it thoroughly. Suddenly he pulled his enormous shaft out of my mouth. "Beg for it, cocksucker!" Light fluid was drooling from his big piss hole.

I was on my hands and knees. "Please, Mike, all that lovely juice. Let me have it... please?"

"Fuckin' toilet... a fuckin' God damned urinal!" He let go with a thick stream of yellow piss. It caught me by surprise, stinging my eyes. "God damn, I missed your queer mouth," he laughed sadistically and deliberately sprayed the hot warm stream all over my body. He grabbed me by my piss wet hair and then I was choking on the hot stream, gulping as fast as I could, but it still spilled out the side of my mouth. "Swallow it, faggot!" he snarled. "You're getting it on the floor!" I was still drinking the hot piss when he grabbed my head with both hands and shoved all ten fat inches down my hungry throat. Then he threw me on the floor and was on top of me, fucking my face. The thickness of his shaft was unbelievable and I thought he was going to tear my throat apart as he humped me like a wild animal. Never before in my life had anyone with such an enormous prong been able to fuck me in

the face but I found that if I could relax I could take it all the way to the hilt, exulting as his gigantic balls bounced against my chin. Now it was happening. My entire body was a sheet of flame and I was building up to the greatest orgasm of my 21 years on earth. It was so fantastic that I thought I was going out of my head. I didn't know where I was or who I was. All I knew was that Mike McKenna was filling my soul with his wild hot ecstasy I had never felt before. The universe was exploding into millions of varicolored fragments as Mike's body shuddered and he let out a passionate scream and began to shoot into my mouth... jet-propelled loads of thick cum ramming down my throat. He pulled out deliberately and still his cockhead, swollen twice its normal size and beet red was spurting wildly... thick gobs hitting my face, splattering and dribbling down my cheeks. I screamed as I shot my heavy load, splattering it all over Mike's heavily muscled back. I thought I would come forever and when Mike's heavy hand roughly began to rub his cream into my face I shot some more. Both our bodies shuddered and relaxed at the same time. Mike was still straddling my chest with his now limp dick lying across my cheek. Suddenly he roared with laughter. Using my tongue I managed to get his enormous prong back into my mouth. My tongue found his piss hole and his sperm was still dribbling out.

"Looks like I got me a new old lady," his eyes were twinkling down at me.

A crazy thought struck me. Would I have to chew bubble gum and read the National Enquirer like his wife? Shit, I would read every tabloid paper in the country if I had to. "You start to work here in the morning, Georgie!" His deep voice was commanding. He was already ordering me around. But that didn't bother me as my mouth was gorged with his juicy, delicious piece of meat. I obediently nodded my head since I couldn't talk.

"Yeah, the two of us are gonna put this gym back on its feet!"

I slipped his dick out of my mouth and snuggled my face down under his heavy balls. The giant orbs covered my face. "What time you want me here, boss?"

"Can't hear you, Georgie! Come up for some air!"

Still with his huge balls covering my face I enunciated quite clearly. "What time, sir?"

"Nine O'clock sharp, choir boy!"

"Yes sir, Boss," I slipped my tongue down below his balls, finding the crack to his delicious ass. I was already finding out who was the real boss.

"Hey, choir boy, I don't think you're gonna make a good old lady," he kidded.

Before I pushed my tongue deep inside his hole I said, "Why not, sir?"

"You'd never wash out my jock strap!"

Momentarily I took my tongue away from his delectable anus. "I'll lick it clean," I said, as I spread his huge cheeks wide and went back to work.

Due to the fact I got a low moan out of Killer McKenna, I knew what I wanted and what I was going to get. My mouth went to his left ball, sucking it in until it filled my mouth. I watched as his gigantic tool began to grow again. Suddenly there was a popping sound as he pulled the heavy monster out of my mouth. Magically his lips were hot on my mouth and I felt his rough tongue deep in my throat. I knew I must be in heaven as I passed out in a delirium of joy.

However, my problems really started the next morning when Mike announced that he thought I might be title material. "With that body," he said, "I could whip you into real shape." I couldn't tell if it was my imagination that made me think he had emphasized the word "whip," but before we opened, I was doing push ups, sit ups and then my lifting with him standing over me.

I was back naked. "You don't need no gym outfit on, cocksucker." For the situps, he didn't hold my feet — the sonofabitch tied them down with an elastic-spring cord.

"You get loose when you've done three hundred, and not until."

We spent the whole goddamn morning making me work like a plowhorse, flipping a wet towel at my sore, red ass for the last few repetitions of each set. When he finally let me shower and put some gym shorts on and open the doors, he said something about "This place is going to have a champion working here."

But that is another story. □

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MORE MOVIE MAYHEM! MORE MOVIE MAYHEM!

ALLEN EAGLES

Part of the cinema's success as an entertainment medium lies in its ability to give its audiences an endless variety of vicarious experiences. While seated in the comfort of a darkened theater, for example, a moviegoer can survive earthquakes, climb mountains, wage battles, attend coronations, fight duels, and engage in the most unlikely of love affairs. He can even witness scenes of gruesome torture.

Since most of these screen tortures occur in highly-exotic settings, the typical moviegoer can enjoy watching them without that uneasy feeling which sometimes strikes when fantasy too closely corresponds with reality. After all, the medieval dungeon and the Oriental torture chamber stand safely removed from modern life, and no moviegoer need worry about having his back slashed by Captain Bligh, or having his eyes burned out by some Apache warrior, or having his testicles slowly crushed by a zealous agent of Hitler's Gestapo. These ordeals simply do not threaten our well being.

One category of movie torture, however, can't be dismissed as a sado-masochistic fantasy. This category includes all the brutalities and Third Degree techniques still practiced on a large scale by policemen and prison guards all over the world. It's quite possible that at some time in his life, the average moviegoer will learn first-hand that the sadistic cop is not just a figment of celluloid imagination.

London cops in *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* (1948) flog Burt Lancaster in a device which shields his neck and kidneys from whiplashes.

In the motion pictures of the 30's and 40's, police brutality often appears as a casually-accepted part of the criminal justice system. In *The Thin Man*, for example, one of the most popular and frequently-reviewed movies of 1934 - William Powell and Myrna Loy watch a plainclothes detective punch a captured burglar in the face as punishment for giving him a sassy answer. Although the burglar is being held between two burly patrolmen, and thus cannot defend himself from the detective's fist, neither William Powell nor Myrna Loy registers the slightest surprise or protest at this needless outburst of anger.

In the 1937 *Charlie Chan on Broadway*, a fat police sergeant assigns one of his patrolmen to interrogate a particularly uncooperative suspect. As the patrolman prepares to leave the room, his sergeant warns him: "And this time, don't hit 'im over the windpipe with your nightstick." To which the ugly, hulking cop replies - in a not very convincing growl - "Yeah, sure."

Admittedly, *The Thin Man* presents only the mildest instance of police brutality, whereas *Charlie Chan on Broadway* deals with the subject only by implication, but it's important to remember the Motion Picture Code in effect during much of the 30's and 40's precluded the kind of graphic violence modern audiences are used to seeing in the movies. Thus, the

Hollywood films of the Roosevelt era usually have to rely on an atmosphere of brutality rather than on the actual spilling of blood, and patrons interested in the subject of police sadism during this time generally have to make do with occasional scenes of a tough-looking cop hauling a handcuffed man down a dingy hallway and delivering cliché threats such as "We have ways of making you talk" or "You'll sing a different tune when we get through with you."

It should also be pointed out that when William Powell and Myrna Loy show no disapproval over that hot-fisted detective's behavior in *The Thin Man*, they're merely reflecting a prevalent attitude of the times which held that "the criminal element" deserves rough treatment from officers of the law.

Attitudes change, of course, and while movies of the 60's and 70's may still present police brutality as an everyday fact of modern life, they often add an accusatory slant to these presentations. Police, for example, often emerge as the villains in those campus riot scenes which enjoyed a brief vogue in the protest movies of the Vietnam era. During *The Activist* (1969) and in three movies released in 1970 (*The Strawberry Statement*, *Getting Straight*, and *R.P.M.*) angry students clash with riot-gear-ed cops in a series of remarkably similar sequences. First come the insults shouted at the "pigs" by a diverse crowd of young protestors - many of whom carry picket signs. Then come a barrage of rocks and bottles aimed at the police. At least one of these rocks smashes its way through the plastic face-shield of a young cop's helmet, knocking him to the ground. As he puts his gloved hand up to his face, blood begins to spurt out between the cracks in the plastic shield. Enraged, the fallen officer's comrades now charge furiously into the crowd of students, swinging their riot sticks indiscriminately. Three shots inevitably work their way into the montage at this point. (1) a cop grabbing a hippie by his long hair and flinging him to the ground whereupon he cracks the youth's skull with his club (2) a cop hauling an arrested student toward a police van, his riot stick pressed horizontally across the gasping student's throat, and (3) a cop running his stick like a bayonet into some young man's groin. Eventually all these sadistic outbursts become obscured by clouds of tear gas, making the moviegoer grateful for the demise of such screen gimmicks as Aroma-rama and Smell-o-vision.

To channel the angry feelings of their audiences, (composed mostly of college students), the makers of these "protest" movies also include at least one shot of a well-padded policeman being kicked squarely in the testicles - sometimes with enough force to lift him clean off the ground - or being pulled to the pavement and pummeled by a mob of angry attackers. This kind of shot often elicited cheers from young audiences, especially if the beaten cop had earlier been shown breaking heads with his riot stick.

(In *The Strawberry Statement*, an outnumbered cop in a student riot suffers numbness rather than injury. While two protestors hold the young officer's arms, a third one pulls down his blue uniform trousers, revealing a pair of plaid undershorts which must have drawn whistles in the police locker room. Needless to say, these undershorts are of the "Hollywood" variety. They never gape open in front.)

Violence between policemen and student protestors, however, has proved to be a transitory aspect of screen sadism. Since the turbulent years of the late 60's, movies have returned to their more traditional presentation of cops vs. crooks and cops vs. blacks. In both *Serpico* (1973) and *The Stone Killer* (1973), policemen are shown interrogating suspects by shoving their heads into toilet bowls and urinals. *Serpico* also contains a scene in which a plainclothes detective seated on the edge of his desk kicks a handcuffed black youth in the crotch. Then the beefy detective turns to rookie cop Al Pacino and casually asks: "Hey, Serpico, do you want a piece of this?" Pacino, disturbed and embarrassed, says no.

Police brutality with racial overtones may also be found, though only indirectly, in *The Liberation of L.B. Jones* (1970). Set in Hollywood's notion of a breeding ground for red-neck sadism - the Deep South - *L.B. Jones'* dialogue includes some passing references to a cattle prod being used on blacks and civil rights workers at the local jail. Readers of the book will know the cops in *L.B. Jones* prefer to apply the prods to the victims' testicles, though this isn't made entirely clear in the movie. In fact, the closest the celluloid version of *L.B. Jones* comes to showing the prod as an instrument of



Peter Lorre can't help but gloat over the prospect of seeing rebellious prisoner Stanley Brown flogged into unconsciousness in *Island of Doomed Men* (1940)



Robert Mitchum keeps his lips buttoned in *His Kind of Woman* (1951) despite the efforts of Vincent Price's thugs to loosen them up with a belt buck'le

Opens singer Lawrence Tibbett, (whose fortune lay in his voice, not his face), learns the unpleasantness of Russian prison life in *Rogue Song* (1930)



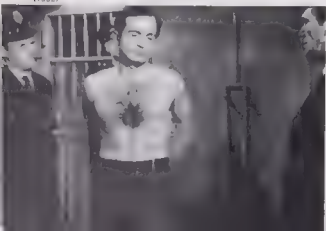


This recalcitrant inmate, strapped to a portable whipping contraption in 1968's *Blood of the Vampire*, has obviously suffered more than just a tongue lashing



Peter Lorre appears unconcerned that Robert Wiemer's flogged back might splatter blood all over his new suit in *Island of Doomed Men* (1940)

A couple of prison guards, lone of them "armed" with a natty cigar, prepare to teach Ben Gazzara some manners in *Convicts 4* (1962)



torture is a scene at a livestock show wherein the cattle are made to start, sometimes violently, when "zapped" with a jolt of electricity. If an 800 pound steer will jump and snort at the merest touch of the prod, male members of the audience will invariably ask themselves, what kind of agony must be inflicted when the prod is jammed straight into a naked scrotum?

(One of the brutal cops in *L.B. Jones* gets his "comeuppance" when he's shoved into a hay-baling machine by a gun-toting black militant. The bales of hay which emerges from the rear of the machine contains part of a human arm as well as other evidence of a chopped-up body inside it.)

In *Sweet Sweetback's Badass Song* (1971), a plainclothes detective throws to the ground a black youth whose wrists are handcuffed behind him. As the youth falls painfully on his back, the detective grabs his legs and pulls them both up and apart. Then the lawman puts his own foot squarely on the boy's genitals and applies pressure to them, rather like a child riding a toy scooter

Later in *Sweet Sweetback*, two white patrolmen arrest a black man whom they beat with the night sticks as they drag him to their car. Eventually this black man (Melvin Van Peebles) exacts a bloody revenge by, among other things, standing behind a cop and strangling him with a cue stick slammed hard across the policeman's throat.

Don Gordon, cast as a sadistic, bigoted cop named "Pig-Iani" in *The Education of Sonny Carson* (1974), spreads eagles black hero Rony Clanton to a wall in the basement of a police station. After securing his victim his handcuffs, Gordon proceeds to beat him with his fists, concentrating on Clanton's jaw, stomach, and groin

Racial overtones don't enter into it, but no discussion of the Third Degree on film would be complete without mentioning that moment in *Dirty Harry* (1971) when police lieutenant Clint Eastwood advances on an injured Andy Robinson who's sprawled on the playing field of a deserted football stadium. Robinson has some information Eastwood needs in order to save a life, and as the camera moves up and away from the figures until they're both lost in the early morning mist, Robinson's screams can be heard in the distance. The details of Eastwood's Third Degree methods, while apparently effective, are never disclosed

American cops certainly don't have a monopoly on brutality. In *Le Conde* (1971), French police inspector Michel Bouquet questions a bare-chested young hood who may know the whereabouts of a notorious cop-killer. The camera reveals Bouquet standing next to this man who's chained by one wrist to a radiator and who has bloody cuts and dark bruises on his head and upper torso. It's safe to assume he didn't acquire these wounds by falling out of his cell bunk

Richard Attenborough, playing a British police inspector in *Loor* (1972), tries to wring a confession out of suspected bank-robbler Roy Holder by twisting his "cobbles." Moviegoers unfamiliar with Cockney slang will undoubtedly guess the meaning of this term when they see Holder emerge from the interrogation room walking with a hobble and clutching his groin.

The French police use a similar method of interrogation on Michel Duchaussey in *The Naga Gang* (1974), proving cops all over the world realize that when appeals to the heart and mind fail, attention can be shifted to the testicles.

For those who like to see policemen on the receiving end of pain, 1974's *The Longest Yard* offers a glimpse of Burt Reynolds vigorously applying the toe of his shoe to a cop's sex organs. For those with somewhat different tastes, 1970's *Where's Poppa?* Mentions a decoy cop in drag being gang-raped in Central Park.

More serious cop injuries occur in those movies about urban crime in which the lives of police officers are considered both cheap and expendable. What movie-goer hasn't witnessed that scene of a young cop being mowed down by gunfire as he unsuspectingly walks into a bank robbery, or as he attempts to halt a getaway car at a highway roadblock? In films of a generation ago, this cop would usually fall unceremoniously to the ground. Now, of course, the movies first treat us to a shot of his bullet-punctured torso spurting out a geyser of blood. Then the cop spins around in an agonized dance as more bullets rip hunks of flesh out of his quivering body. Even after he's dropped lifelessly to the blood-splattered pavement,

his executioner is likely to stand over him, firing a few more shots into his face for good measure.

Prison movies also afford film-makers numerous opportunities to include scenes of violence and brutality - scenes only slightly further removed from the viewer's realm of possibility than those involving vicious cops. An element of homosexuality compounds the sadism in this category of screen torture, since jails and prisons breed the kind of tensions which inevitably result when hundreds of men - many of them young and lusty - are confined for years in crowded cells.

In *The Hurricane* (1937), Jon Hall plays a Polynesian whose ignorance of "the white man's ways" gets him into trouble with the law. Sentenced to prison on some South Seas island, Hall's rebellious nature continues to defy authority, resulting first in heavy labor at a rock pile and then in a whipping administered across his broad, sweaty back while he's spread-eagled to a vertical wheel. Hall's splendid physique ennobles these well-staged but decidedly tame punishment tableaux.

An atmosphere of cruelty permeates Burt Lancaster's 1947 film, *Brute Force*, but overt brutality appears on the screen only occasionally. In one such scene, deranged warden Hume Cronyn beats a prisoner with a length of rubber hose after strapping him in a chair - left wrist bound to right armrest, right wrist to left armrest.

Fans of 1950's nostalgia will recall with fondness that episode in *Jailhouse Rock* (1957) showing a bare-chested Elvis Presley flinching under the lash. Sent to prison for accidentally killing a man during a barroom fight, Presley's hot temper flares again when he's shoved by a guard during a riot in the cafeteria. To punish him for punching that guard in the jaw, prison officials tie Presley's wrists to an overhead pipe so his bare back is well positioned for the blows that come at him from behind and to his left. Unfortunately, the guard wielding the strap gets in only five licks before the scene fades out, but still, *Jailhouse Rock* does give its viewers a chance to savor the sight of Presley's sullen face - unconvincingly arranged in a pose of suffering - framed by two well-manicured armpits. *Jailhouse Rock* is less kind to those viewers who'll hope in vain for a peek at Presley's whip-torn back.

Much of the violence in *The Riot* - filmed in 1969 at the Arizona State Prison - involves one set of inmates punishing a group of fellow prisoners known for their willingness to "snitch" to the guards. After taking control of an entire cell block, these vengeful inmates force their victims, stripped to the underwear, to crawl past a gauntlet of club swinging men.

Fortune and Men's Eyes (1971) contains not only a homosexual rape but also a fatal beating administered by a guard who slams a wet, rolled-up towel repeatedly across the torso of a young prisoner tied to a bed. The guard's not wearing his uniform shirt, (apparently because he doesn't want to get it dirty), and his white athletic shirt is stained with sweat. Several other guards hover in the background since the beating takes place in the guards' quarters.

Loosely based on Evita Peron, the heroine of *Little Mother* (1970) enjoys wearing her white evening gown into a basement cell area where her political opponents sweat and scream under gruesome tortures. The lavishly dressed and elegantly coiffured woman (Christine Kruger) presents a striking contrast to the naked, dirty, bleeding men chained up in various poses around her. One of these men contemptuously spreads his legs so the female dictator can get a better look at his penis.

Though overrated by its admirers, the recent Jamaican import called *The Harder They Come* deserves notice for injecting scatological into the field of prison tortures. Sentenced to receive a number of lashes for his part in a petty crime, our young black "hero" drops his blue briefs and leans across a barrel laid horizontally in the jail's courtyard. As a uniformed guard races up behind him, swinging a switch with unerring aim across his victim's buttocks, the black prisoner urinates a puddle of yellow fluid onto the ground by the barrel. Some viewers interpret this as a weakening of the bladder caused by the pain of the switching, others see it as the prisoner's way of expressing disdain both for his punishment and for his punisher.

The brutal discipline dealt to inmates of chain-gangs and labor camps forms an intriguing sub-category within the larger context of prison punishments. Perhaps the most famous in



Brawny Lancaster glistening with studio sweat steals himself for a beating at the hands of Paul Henreid in *Rope of Sand* (1949)



Jail punishment, Victorian style, is enthusiastically dealt out to a couple of London felons in Boris Karloff's 1958 thriller, *Haunted Strangler*



A veteran guard introduces rookie Douglas Kennedy to the grim realities of life in a forced labor camp in a 1950 quickie, *Chain Gang*



After a shoving match with a guard in the cafeteria, Elvis Presley takes five lashes before the warden fed out in *Jailhouse Rock* (1957). The grimace of pain is particular to Elvis.

The strap used on Paul Muni in *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* (1932) has holes punched in it to increase the pain.



stance of this kind of torture occurs in that classic 1932 film, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. Playing a jobless World War I veteran who becomes unwittingly involved in a crime, Paul Muni finds himself cast into the harsh surroundings of a Deep South road-gang. At night, for example, while chained with his fellow prisoners in a row of wooden bunks, he listens to the groans of a man being belted across the back with a broad leather strap. Muni's turn to suffer the pain and humiliation of a flogging soon comes. Bound to the wall of the barracks, out of sight but not out of hearing from the other men, he feels the sting of that strap burning across his back as punishment for breaking one of the camp's many rules. Scenes such as this helped rouse public anger against abuses in the road-gang system.

Two floggings occur in *Island of Doomed Men*, a 1940 "B" movie starring Peter Lorre and Robert Wilcox. Lorre plays the owner of a mineral-rich island somewhere in the Pacific, and Wilcox appears as an undercover G-man sent to investigate reports of brutality inflicted on the island's convict labor force. Wilcox doesn't have to wait long for his proof. Shortly after he arrives on the island with a plane-load of new workers, Wilcox sees a shirtless miner (Stanley Brown) tied to a whipping post and flogged by foreman Charles Middleton. Wilcox undergoes a similar ordeal after his true identity is discovered. Dragged out of the workers' hut late one night, Wilcox is thrown against the whipping post, his arms stretched above his head and his wrists clamped into an iron ring. Then, as Peter Lorre looks on approvingly, Middleton lays into the G-man's back with his whip. Despite Wilcox's apparent strength and virility, however, he faints dead away after only a few blows of the lash.

While serving a term on a Southern road-gang in *Carbine Williams* (1952), James Stewart watches a strap-cracking guard flog one of his fellow prisoners in full view of the assembled company. Like the inmates in *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, this prisoner is stripped to the waist but wears convict trousers with horizontal black-and-white stripes. His wrists are tied together high above his head.

Woody Allen does a parody of this and similar scenes in 1969's *Take the Money and Run*, and while 1967's *Cool Hand Luke* lacks a whipping, it does show Paul Newman and Ralph Walte spending time in "sweet boxes.")

In Brown's *I Escaped from Devil's Island* (1973) cannot match the multi-million dollar budget and stellar names of *Papillon*, but its depiction of brutality proves to be far superior. Viewers are shown not only the sweat box punishment but also a method of discipline in which heavy weights are piled atop a prisoner (Christopher George) lying face-up on the ground. In the best episode of all, guards suspend three or four prisoners by their wrists from an overhead crossbar. These bare-chested men are then left hanging for hours under the scorching, tropical sun until their reddened skin drips with sweat. (James Luisi plays the most muscular of the prisoners and it's worth the price of admission simply to see his hairy torso undergoing the strain of suspension.) When a young inmate of the penal colony protests to a guard about the torment his friends are suffering, the guard twists the shirtless youth's nipples, laughing at the pain and humiliation: he causes

The latest addition to the movies' gallery of chain-gang/prison camp tortures appears in *Leadbelly* (1976). Roger Mosley plays the title role in this biography of black musician, Huddie Ledbetter, who spent many of his early years on a Texas chain gang. For an infraction of the rules, Mosley receives a whipping from the gang boss while tied to the post in the usual manner—arms stretched straight up and bound at the wrists. To show his contempt, when the boss asks him the number of lashes he's received, Mosley deliberately gives a lower figure than is actually the case. The boss mutters in resignation and walks away, whip in hand.

While this and the preceding six articles on male torture in the movies have only skimmed the surface of a fascinating subject, they will form the framework of a book which will deal with screen sadism at greater length and in more detail. The illustrations for this book will also be larger and more numerous than those which have been used in the magazine series.

ROY DEAN preview

ROY DEAN went to Florida and came back with enough of his inimitable photography to fill several books. Eliminating was the hardest part, but his new ROY DEAN NUDES has sixteen pages of color and enough black and white shots to total sixty-four palpitating pages.

There are some title holders in the cast, some guys-next-door and a dozen Roy Dean discoveries—several you'd give your eyeteeth to meet. All are anonymous, however. There are no captions nor identification, other than an essay on nude photography by Mr. Dean.

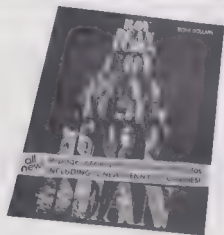
Photographed in the characteristic Roy Dean style, the offering abounds in tropical settings and showcases enough beef to equip a professional football team.



ROY DEAN NUDES is going to press at about the time DRUMMER does so it should be available by the time you hold this spread in your trembling hands.

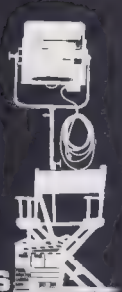
It is softboud on heavy enameled stock. Reproduction is excellent and it was published under the Rho Delta banner. Cover price is \$10.





the leather casting couch

PAUL
SCOTT
MASTERS



Mumbling some lame excuse about a flat tire, Jim Lincoln was 15 minutes late for our fateful rendezvous. Angry over this lack of respect, and noting again a barely-concealed arrogant hostility in the big black's general demeanor, I silently vowed that by the time this particular try-out was over there would be absolutely no question as to who was master and who slave.

As a matter of fact, that was the precise relationship around which I had structured my third try-out session. After all, in searching for the masochistic element of my projected film, "The Agony of Me," each prior "audition" had been determined by the nature of the actor: Marc Ortega in a swambucker's dungeon, and Buck Taylor on a ranch. Both had adapted well and quickly to their surroundings and had admirably suffered the punishments I inflicted.

What better setting for the torture and humiliation of a giant black stud than one which approximated the slave quarters and punishment area of an old Southern plantation? I was astonished at how many such locations existed in the hilly desert south of Los Angeles, most dating back to the days of the Spanish conquest, and was able to rent for a day, in the pretense of shooting a documentary, one which was ideally suited to my purposes: quiet, remote, and, above all, utterly private.

Arriving at dawn, I made a thorough investigation of the premises, and was exultant to discover — almost as if consciously preserved in some Museum of slavery — everything from a variety of rusty shackles to a sturdy whipping post to an unexpected bonanza: immediately adapted for use as the climax of my planned events. The matter of preparing the other equipment I expected to use took only a couple of hours, as I was more than ready for the appointment of Jim Lincoln at 10:00 a.m.

The final part of my preparations involved my own outfit. I had been told that costume could come in handy to make

a plantation bondmaster: broad-brimmed hat, neckerchief, canvas jacket, breeches, and high black boots. Just putting them on my body brought an insistent warmth to my groin. I speculated hotly on what the sight of me so clothed would mean to the dim racial memory of my slave-to-be.

When ten o'clock came and there was no sign of him, my sense of anticipation began turning into one of impatience. I had been mentally picturing that near-perfect 19-year-old, 6-foot three-inch ebony form, so carefully conditioned in the ways of professional bodybuilding that he had already scored heavily in several "Mr. Teen-Age" physique contests, winning top honors for his arms and tapered, shining back.

I had also begun wondering whether my memory of our first interview, when he was required to strip down, was deceiving me as to the length of his incredible cock. As I seemed to recall, even in its flaccid state it hung a good third of the way down his trunk-like thighs. That was one feature of his that he might have good cause to regret by the time I finished with his final ordeal of the day!

Anyhow, when, at eighteen after ten, he finally made his appearance, I was seething with a deadly combination of vindictiveness and lust. He strode easily toward me, gleaming white T-shirt, faded cut-offs, and tri-striped Adidas settling off the dark chocolate of his skin. After reacting noticeably to my attire, his muttered excuse about the flat tire was delivered with as much challenge as apology. I could see it was imperative I establish my supremacy at once, else the day end for me in total disaster.

"Cut the shit, nigger, if yuh want this part in my fuckin' movie!"

He stopped his explanation, but his wild eyes were still evaluating me. I reminded him that his burning desire to co-star in my production had caused him to agree to my testing of his re-

sponses, and torture . . . without qualification. That, indeed, was why he was here today, having sworn he was willing to do anything, to try anything, to submit to anything, in order to be cast in my film.

There was no response from my potent and victim, so I brought out the slave cincher, a Release Form my lawyer had drawn up stating that "the undersigned was undergoing this try-out of his own free will, and absolving me of all liability for any injury that might be done him." Jim Lincoln took his own sweet time perusing this document, then glared around at the slave punishment location. It was impossible to guess what was going on under that modified Afro, behind those smoldering black eyes.

"Well, piss or get off the stage," I barked.

Slowly, his eyes barely leaving mine as he accepted the pen I offered and wrote his name at the bottom of the sheet "James DuBois Lincoln." Handling pen and paper back to me, he stood by, ground, hands on hips, chin high and defiant. I could see the movement of his breathing beneath the taut fabric of his T-shirt. Reels of sweat ran down his temples and his bulging biceps. His muscles and Van Dyke were freshly tanned, an unexpected but revealing confirmation that I noted with satiric approval.

"O.K., strip down all the way," I commanded, "and don't forget those fuckin' frisky sneakers. Then put them on." I added, drawing an ancient pair of buttoned work pants in the dust at his feet.

His mind obviously now made up, Jim Lincoln tied off the tennis shoes, pulled the shirt over his head and tossed it aside, then unzipped his cut-offs, let them drop, and stepped gracefully out of them. Completely nude, there was no disguise in the perfection of his body. And, I was pleased to discover, my recollection had been totally accurate as to the size of his

slave's "uniform" my local Thrift Shoppe had innocently provided.

"Now, yer gonna be the star of a cock-suckin' slave auction here, get it? And I'm the only fuckin' buyer, and I'm gonna grab me one goddam piece of prime dark meat!" I announced, glaring at him closely enough to catch him wince unconsciously at the thought of experiencing, as an actor, degradations his ancestors had endured in actual life. It was part of my over-all plan to break down the arrogance I found in him, certain he had watched *Roots* on television some weeks before and must just be especially vulnerable because of it.

My first act was to fasten a heavy iron slave collar around his neck, from the back of which hung two cuffs on short lengths of chain. Forcing his arms up behind him, I snapped the cuffs around his wrists, completely immobilizing his arms. Then I enclosed his bare ankles in a special set of shackles that had a two-foot iron bar welded between them, limiting the movement of his legs in such a way as ancient overseers had found most effective in preventing escape.

"The teeth, first," I sneered. "Gotta make sure them shit-eatin' choppers are in good condition!"

I forced open the full lips and pried apart his shiny white teeth, running my fingers along smooth gums, and, roughly, deep into the back of his throat. The sound of his expected gag reaction — an instinctive and painful gasp for air — provided me with my first moment of thrilling dominance. To increase his humiliation I picked with sticky fingers through his wiry hair, as if in search of lice or fleas, all the while uttering an obscene monolog about how inferior I was finding the merchandise.

Finished with his head, I ran both hands over the naked mounds of his chest, feeling through the thin mat of hair to pinch viciously at the nipples hidden there, pressing close to reach behind him and knead the living power in the muscles of his shoulders and back. I traced the bottom of his rib cage, probed and prodded the helpless buck at will, pummeled his tight stomach with a couple of quick jabs, and flung the innocent blink of his navel.

"Since I'm plannin' to use yuh for breedin', guess I better check out yer fuckin' equipment, right?" A sudden intake of breath was his only reaction.

"Right?" I hissed.

After a long pause, he whispered "Right."

"Right, massa! Anything you say, massa!" I prompted.

Yet another long pause, then, almost naughtily, eyes closed tightly, he echoed "Anything you say... massa."

Triumphantly, I pulled the drawstring of his pants and jerked open the wooden fly buttons. The garment caught briefly on his jutting buttocks, then dropped down to rest on his ankle irons. Within the confines of those heavy shackles he shuffled his feet, indicating a basic impulse to take flight, an impulse rendered impossible by the restraints I had imposed. Not once did he open his eyes, however, as if the sight of my outfit were

a symbol of dominance he couldn't bear looking upon.

The next thing I did was to heft that oversized cock, skinning back the hood with a deliberate massaging action that immediately achieved the natural results. Filling with blood, it arched slowly away from his body, stretching a good sixteen inches into space. A sob, caught at the back of his throat, indicated the frustration Jim Lincoln felt at being so vulnerable to an alien touch on his ultra-sensitive parts.

Slapping aside the protruding shaft, I grabbed his balls, marveling at their size, weighing their unexpected heaviness in my hand before giving them the strongest squeeze and twist I could muster. The unvoiced sob in his throat became a sudden, ear-piercing shriek. For good measure, I gave another tight squeeze. This time, his scream became words: "Oh, Jesus, Jesus, lee-zus!" Tears coursed from his closed eyes.

Finally, I moved around to his back and forced him to bend forward in an awkward position that his chains and shackles made it nearly impossible to maintain. I whipped him sharply on his bare buttock cheeks before separating those twin black hills and exposing the pale pink slit of his asshole. Wetting my middle finger, I thrust it all the way into that narrow aperture, then methodically added to it the two adjoining fingers.

At this last intrusion, Jim crumpled forward onto his belly, legs still forcibly spread and hands cuffed high on his back to the chains from his collar. His body quivered as if in a silent whimper, but I relentlessly moved to his head and shoved the pointed toe of my boot between his lips.

"Lick off all that motherfuckin' dust, if yuh ever wanna get outta them chains again!" I growled.

Reluctantly, painstakingly, the thick red tongue emerged from between his lips and ran over the leather presented to it. A like act of obedience was performed to the other boot, and once I was satisfied they were both spotless, I used one of them to turn him over onto his back. His eyes were now open, but expressionless.

Furious, I pulled my cock out of my breeches and aimed a yellow stream of piss onto that handsome face, catching him so completely by surprise that he unwisely opened his mouth to protest. It was a target I could not overlook. That mouth snapped shut pretty goddam fast, but I had enough piss left to describe a glistening line down his chest, over his stomach, and to saturate his still-rampant rod. He flailed about in abject and frustrated impotence, not a vestige of his earlier hint of superiority remaining.

"Well, now, I guess yer pretty well fuckin' ready for the real thing, eh, Rastus?" Chuckling, I released his feet, pulled the pants away, and led him — once he was able to stand steadily — to two lengths of rude wooden fence running parallel to each other about ten feet apart and three feet high.

I made him get on his knees, chest pushed against one of these, and had him hang his chin over the top with his bulky

arms stretched along the stile on either side. I padlocked a piece of chain tightly around the rail and his right wrist, then wound it the length of his arm, intractably wedding arm to rail. Continuing my work, I pulled the chain stiffly across the back of his neck, then down his left arm to the left wrist, which was also duly padlocked in place. His entire upper torso was thus incapable of movement, and, indeed, any attempt to pull free would press his throat into the stile and cut off his air supply. Even as it was, ordinary breathing demanded more than just a little effort.

Next, I addressed myself to his ankles, which I fixed to long lengths of chains I then wrapped around the top of the other fence, pulled tight, and padlocked. Jim Lincoln was now suspended belly down between the two fences, three feet off the ground, arms and legs widely spread. His cock and balls dangled awkwardly.

I stepped between his spread legs and let my breeches fall to my knees. "A good slave jus' loves to have his master fuck him in the ass, and I that right Tony?" My bulky fingers teased the teenage body builder's anus. "Ain't that right boy?" Long fingers began to probe insistently.

"Oh, Jesus, Jesus Christ!" he groaned.

"Right, slave-boy!"

"Oh, Christ, yes, massa, yes, massa, yes!" For Christ's sake, do it... massa, PLEASE! Fuck me quick, massa. Quick! Fuck me!

"Well, nigger, if you do insist..." And I pushed my dry prick partially into the opening my fingers had made. Jim Lincoln let out one initial moan, then lay rigidly unyielding.

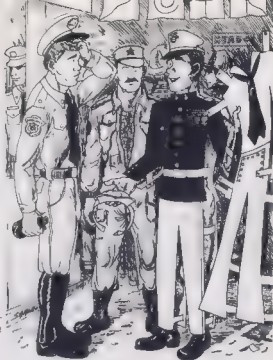
Having anticipated this reluctance of his to "cooperate," I casually drew a huge stogie from my jacket pocket and lit up, inhaling the acrid smoke until the end glowed wickedly. Then I reached under the recumbent figure tethered beneath me and applied the burning end of my cigar to the head of the cock that hung there.

The immediate reaction, accompanied by an agonized roar, was an upward thrust that served to plant my shaft to its very base in the unwilling receptacle. As I drew the ember away, Jim relaxed again, and my tool accordingly emerged about half way. That great black body under my control was still as death, except for a hoarse breathing which would have rasped on the nerves of some less sadistic than I.

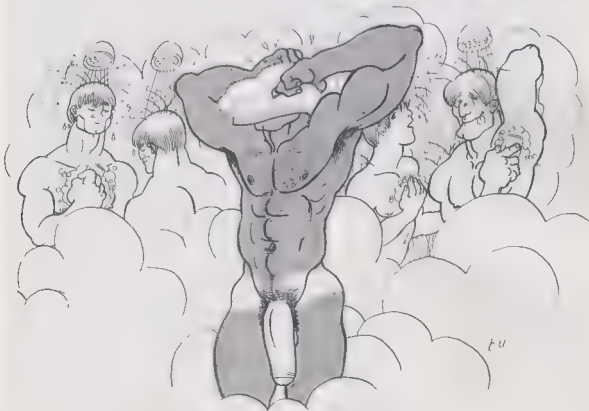
Another few puffs on my unique torture instrument, and I applied it this time to that most tender of membranes right at the base of the scrotum. Again the involuntary thrust, and again I was engulfed deep within my victim's bowels. Thus the pattern was established, and thus was I able, by increasing the frequency of applying the fiery goad, to force a rhythm that all too soon brought me to climax, and shot my urgent load with mighty spurts far into the body of my unhappy sexual partner.

Still panting, I pulled out and slipped under my pinned slave. His cock was stick-stiff and drops of opalescent love

DRUM BEATS



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SAFARI



Illustration by Dale Hall

The BOAT night. First there's a hairy, a Nubian had the funkiest flight attendant on board I'd ever seen. I can talk with a with-it moustache darker than his sandy hair. He spotted me even before I noticed the bulge in his trousers.

"Going with us, pal?" "Sir?" A dumb question, but I wasn't thinking of that. It's just noticed the bulge.

"Na'robi," I answered. Then, just to keep the conversation flowing, "I'm going on safari in Kenya."

"Alone?"

"Well, I had planned on picking up a guide."

"I'm sure you will, sir. In the meantime, I'd like to make you as comfortable as I can."

From then on, on that memorable flight, I found my usual role reversed: I was in command. I ordered drinks, asked dumber questions than he ever dreamed of, demanded a pillow, was served a late dinner, ordered a blanket, insisted on changing seats to an unoccupied seat in the rear of the plane, and for the most part he loved it.

It never took him long to answer my call bell, and when I asked him his name — it was Adrian. I merely said, "Well, Adrian, you will do as I say, won't you?" He needed no lessons.

"Yes, sir." Eyes downcast, looking in my lap, not at my face.

After the movie, which I never saw, for in the dark Adrian sat in the aisle seat beside me, doing with his hands what I would later make him do with his mouth, the lights were turned back up, and Adrian served other passengers a midnight snack.

Finally, when the lights were dimmed again, Adrian returned, and as soon as it was safe, or seemed so, Adrian went down on me. Of course I liked it, but I liked it even more, for as I've said, that is not my usual role, and the novelty of giving orders for a change intrigued me.

A call bell sounded and a tiny light went on half-way up the aisle. When Adrian returned from his inane errand I let him have it.

"No more, you fuckin' limey salve until you guarantee there'll be no interruptions. I'm going to sleep." And I pretended to go to sleep. It wasn't long before Adrian was back. Even in the dim light I could see his pleading eyes, begging me to let him service me. I told him to get me a cold beer. Two beers later, when I was ready to burst, I went to the tail of the plane. A stewardess was dozing nearby, but I grabbed Adrian and shoved him in the tiny rest room ahead of me.

"Strip!"

Adrian stripped, folded his clothes and placed them on a shelf.

"Kneel!" Adrian knelt. "Take it out and hold it in front of your open mouth." Adrian c'd that, and I began pissing. When he choked the piss ran out of his mouth, down his body, across his chest, into his groin, down his thighs. His cock stood erect. It was just the kind I usually worshipped. I grabbed my cock and pissed on his head until that long sandy hair was sopped, and then I let him swallow the rest.

"Suck it, you fuckin' limey cocksucker," Adrian sucked. He sucked slowly at first, then, his enthusiasm obviously enhanced by experience, he gradually brought me to one beautiful climax, draining every drop of my sperm, continuing to suck, but in a milder way until I'd had it.

"O.K., slave, stand up and wash off and get dressed, but don't you dare come. I want to see it hard in ten minutes. If it isn't I'll bring you back in here and break your pretty face."

I zipped up and left. In ten minutes Adrian was beside me. He unzipped, still hard as iron.

"Keep it that way," I said, "and serve me breakfast first."

As we disembarked from the plane Adrian looked me in the eye for only the second time on the entire trip. He offered me his hand, concealing a note. I shook his hand, accepting the note.

"Thanks for a nice flight," I said, smiling with, I suppose, a sarcastic tilt to my upper lip. He gave me a little salute, and I went down the ramp into the cool Nairobi morning.

I retrieved my luggage through an easy customs and cabbied to the Inter-Continental Hotel. I had a great room with a small balcony overlooking what can best be called a teeming city. But Nairobi is a spotless city, and the teeming is people, bright, colorful, and lively; traffic was that you'd expect in a smaller city. The air was fresh, full of anticipation for me.

I showered and lay on my bed to collect my thoughts, to shake off my jet-lag, to make plans, and I read Adrian's note.

"INSIGNIFICANT PIECE OF YANKEE SHIT, BE AT THE THORN TREE CAFE OF THE NEW STANLEY HOTEL AT 3:00 PM SHARP FOR YOURS!"

I read and reread the note. At first I was pissed, then intrigued, then aroused. I took another shower, a cold one.

With no trouble at all I found the Thorn Tree, an outdoor bar on Kimathi Street and Kenyatta Avenue, and, of course, I was there at precisely 3:00, not a minute earlier or later.

Adrian was nowhere in sight, but on the dot of three one of the most beautiful black studs I'd ever seen came up to me. He smiled and pretty much asked me if I were Adrian's friend. I admitted to that, and he asked me to follow him. I did, of course, and he led me inside and up to a room on the fourth floor. He knocked and when we heard the reply from inside he opened the door for me, ushered me in, and left. The curtains and shades were wide open, and the light of the afternoon sun shone directly into my eyes. I had to stand still, afraid to trip over furniture.

From behind someone grabbed my wrists, secured them, noosed my ankles, and blindfolded me. Whoever it was came around front, opened my shirt, slipping it over my shoulders, uncinched my belt, ripped open the fly, and shoved my pants and nylon briefs below my knees. I started to protest when my wrists were first grabbed, but I was told to shut up. It was not Adrian's voice: it was more mature, confident, perhaps that of an older man.

Minutes went by. There was no sound but the traffic noises from the street. I was not touched. I had the feeling I was being very carefully examined, not just looked over, but sized up for potential. Gradually, certainly without trying, I became erect; whatever fear I may have initially felt had disappeared in the absence of a brutal attack. I was not gagged: I could have screamed if that would have done any good.

"I understand you want to go on safari," the voice said. Even more so now, I was impressed by the voice. It was calm, very cool.

"Yes," I paused, and then my earlier training reminded me to add 'Sir!' at the last moment.

"Good. How much time do you have?"

"Two weeks, sir."

"You will pay the prevailing rate." It was not a question, but I answered anyway.

"Yes, sir."

"Limits?" This one threw me. It always did.

"No, sir... except"

"Except?" I gave my standard answer.

"No permanent bodily injury or scars."

"Alright, then; it's settled." The noose around my ankles was removed, and I was led into what seemed like a bathroom and told to get in the tub and lie down on my back. I did, and immediately felt a stream of warm liquid on my face. The stream moved down my body, and the blindfold was removed. I looked up to see Adrian, his legs spread, a look of about as much glee on his face as he pissed all over my clothes and body. He clamped his cock with his fingers and the piss stopped.

"Open your mouth, you cocksucking American prick!" I opened my mouth, and Adrian released his cock, perfectly aiming his piss between my lips.

"Swallow it," he commanded. I swallowed, and swallowed, and swallowed. When he was finally done, he lifted me by the neck and untied my hands.

"Take a shower," he said, "and when you're done come out and meet my good friend, Alan Reilly." He laughed good naturedly. "And don't pull it. I want to see you hard out here in three minutes."

I showered, and it was tough to follow Adrian's order, but for the second time that day, I switched the water to cold. I stepped out, dried myself off and went out into the living room of what turned out to be a large, but simply furnished suite.

"Drop the towel," Adrian commanded, and as it slid from my waist my cock sprang up in its proudly-hard position. I had no time to be embarrassed. There before me stood one of the handsomest looking hunks of manhood I'd ever seen. He was everything his voice had promised: tall, swarthy, mature, confident. His bearing was neat and efficient, his features well-defined, his eyes a blue which now was warm, which I would learn could change to ice. He had an easy smile, was clean shaven, and sported a short but beautifully cut head of the most brilliant platinum hair I'd ever seen. It made him look a shade over the 32 I'd pegged him at.

Alan's handshake was firm, warm, and inspired the same confidence his voice had. We exchanged pleasantries, which was a bit awkward, my standing there completely nude with a hard on, but Alan slowly began removing his clothes, and he told Adrian to do likewise. In a minute we were all nude. I had seen Adrian nude, of course, and knew we were well matched, but Alan Reilly's physique dwarfed us both. I wondered how his clothes could contain that body without splitting every seam.

A knock came at the door, and the same African who had brought me up came in with a tray of drinks. He was introduced to me as Michael, a student, and when he had set down the drinks he shook my hand, grinning widely, flashing beautiful ivory teeth from an ebony face, every detail warm and friendly. Michael then stripped, and his gleaming body, black as mine was white. I asked as if I belonged in a muscle magazine. Alan took command, as I guess we all expected, and outlined our plans. First, he explained, he just wanted us to relax and get to know each other.

That we did, and if you think twosomes and threesomes are fun, try a mixed foursome sometime. We chatted, made love, and drank till dinner time. It was not quite an orgy; we were getting to know each other, fast, without any of the shit etiquette demands and yet without the shitty anonymity of an orgy. I don't know who did what to whom when or where, and it doesn't matter: it wasn't fancy sex with all the extras; it was just plain loving, fooling around, and enjoying ourselves and each other. A perfect way to laze away the end of my first African afternoon.

Adrian kissed me good-bye, he had to catch his flight back to London. Michael kissed me good-bye; he had to get back to his studies. Alan kissed me hello.

"Before we go down to dinner," he said, "I'll tell you just once what you are to do. If you don't have them, buy good boots tomorrow morning at Rivers store. It's around the corner and wear nothing, and I mean nothing, but one pair of wool socks, a pair of jeans, and a shirt. I will pick you up at your hotel at noon. And, one more thing, from now on you don't come, you don't masturbate, without my permission."

"Sir?"

"What?"

"Can I wear a belt; I have a money belt..."

"No. You won't need either a belt or money. Put your money in your hotel's safe." Then Alan loaned me a suit of khakis.

crawled another 200 yards, and there, sitting at the bottom of his tree, sat "my" leopard. His bearing was at once the essence of caution and arrogance. His head was spotted — I had thought just their bodies were — and it was just barely visible through the top of the raggedy grass. I edged closer, and the grass stalks rustled, and the leopard was gone, vanishing in plain sight. In plain daylight, the fittest daylight I've ever seen.

Alan motioned me away, and we backed out, crouched, and after we had gone a bit we stood and walked. A nigger looking retreat with his rifle.

When we got back to the car I had to strip again, for I had made the grass rustle and frightened off my leopard, but I didn't care; I was ecstatic at the sight of my leopard.

We drove on, and as we approached Nakuru I was ordered back into my clothes, but not until after I had served a road side lunch of sandwiches and iced coffee we had gotten from the lodge that morning.

At the lodge in Nakuru, he same routine was established as the night before, but Alan refined it, when his guest arrived, by placing a candle on the top of my cage which dripped onto my ass. The guest refused my services, but graciously, saying he rather enjoyed watching a man in a cage for a change. I thought they would talk all night, my knees were beginning to bleed, the cramps in my back and legs were fierce, and the hot wax dripping on my ass hurt as hell. Finally, the talk turned sexy again, and the man allowed how he might like to be blown after all. I was released, performed my service, and after I was laced to the bed Alan lashed the hell out of my ass and back for having scared off the leopard. At last came that glorious fucking I was learning to anticipate with so much pleasure.

From then on the days elated into one another, and I can only remember the highlights, and there were many of them. I was getting a natural high from the animals and a sexual high from Alan's abasement. As we crossed the equator above Kisumu, I was strapped across the hood of the Land Rover on my back. The rim and rough treads of the spare tire under me dug into my flesh, and it forced my back to arch painfully toward the sun. I was kept there nearly an hour, my back burning from the heat of the motor, my front side burning from the heat of the sun. My legs were tied to the ends of the front bumper, my wrists to the sides of the windshield, and my cock stood up like some crazy phallic hood ornament.

Alan stopped when he thought we were exactly on the equator and pissed on me, standing up in the Rover. Then he drove under a tree for shade. He made his own lunch, taking his time, and finally brought me his thermos. I greedily drank the piss it held. Then Alan squatted and shit onto a paper plate, forced it into my mouth, held my nose, forcing me to swallow it, and then he climbed up on the hood of the Rover and squatted over me, shitting again, making me lick his ass clean, and finally, standing over me to piss in my face again. At least it washed off the shit.

Alan released me, and that afternoon I saw my first herd of giraffes. They loped along with the Land Rover, kicking like awkward chorus boys, but making time we clocked at over 30 miles an hour. They stopped to graze, and we stopped; they were not afraid, nor were they curious, just indifferent. I was happy just to sit on a rock watching them. To say that I nearly came from being so close to such beauty and freedom epitomized would be no exaggeration.

Alan promised me I would never forget this crossing of the equator; nor will I forget our return trip.

The night before the "guests" were a pair of dykes who wanted me out of my cage, which at first seemed like a blessing; my knees were scabbed and I could use the rest, but after serving drinks they asked that I be made to stand at attention beside them. They used my clench for an ash-tray, flicking hot ashes on my cock and balls. Thank God Alan drew the line at their stubbing out their butts on my cock, much as they pleased with him. In the end he let them stub one out (each) on each of my tits. I was sweating, crying, ready to scream, when one of them planted a kiss right on my lips and I puked all over her pretty white dress. Alan did not punish me for that, but let me sleep curled up beside him. I had been prepared to sleep chained at the foot of his bed again.

The next day I saw "my" lions. There were three lionesses drinking from a stream and about twenty-five yards away a lion stood roaring. I was hypnotized. The lions could hardly have cared, even if they knew, and I think they did, that we were there. After all, it was their land. They were its royalty,

and all else were but insignificant serfs. After what seemed like hours they all moved on, looking kind of hang dog, but royalty nonetheless. Alan remarked that he hadn't been sure which way they would choose to move; had they come toward us . . . oh, well, it was worth it. They were a bit scrappy, but, by God, they were real live free lions.

I walked, or jogged, back across the equator, wearing nothing but my socks and boots secured to the back of the Land Rover by a long rope tied securely around my balls. Alan did not drive fast, but he never slowed down either. I tripped a couple of times, but was able to grab the rope and keep myself from being castrated, though my whole body was a mass of strawberry welts and raspberry bruises. At last by then I had begun to tan fairly well all over, and the sun did not bother me; in fact, I liked it, and would often ride nude, if given the choice. When Alan stopped, gave me permission to ride again, he announced that I would probably be used by Africans that night. I knew his promise of an eventual pair of equator crossings had come true.

The Africans have few qualms about homosexuality, one way or another. It's just not very prevalent because they prefer to do the fucking and will do little else, so without any passive partners they don't much do it. Alan, of course, had a passive partner, and he gave me to them. I said it would say there were about thirty of them in this African lodge, and although only about eight or ten of them had me, they were the best hung of the thirty. Like elephants, every one of them. I must have been like some exotic dessert at the end of a banquet, for I was treated with great tenderness, even kindness, even respect, in spite of the fact that Alan had made me staked out, spread-eagled.

In bed, afterwards, my ass swollen, bleeding, oozing sperm, Alan let me suck him off. I was falling in love with the son of a bitch.

The following day we passed Mt. Kenya on our way back into Nairobi. There, just short of the equator, lay one of the most beautiful mountains I'd ever seen, snow-capped in the morning mist, looming ever larger and larger as we skirted it, and after lunch, behind us, it remained as the one permanent hunk of anything on the face of the earth. Like Africa itself, it was there, had been there since God knows when, and would remain forever. Mt. Kenya is the lion of the earth, majestic in its splendor.

By the time we reached Nairobi, I'd been broken in, I had a good tan, I'd seen leopards and lions and a thousand other animals, and I was well up on sex, even been with a king.

Alan told me to have my clothes washed, but to be in them when he picked me up in two days at noon. At least I could shower, but no, I could not stay with Alan. When he let me off at the Inter-Continental he told me he would send Michael around.

I came out of the shower to find Michael grinning at me; I'd forgotten about locks on doors. He hugged me, and then he did a strange thing. He stood back and admired my bruises and welts, the lines from Alan's belt across my back and ass, the rope burns around my balls, the blisters on my tits.

"You are a man," he told me, and lay the warmest kiss on my mouth I'd had in a long time.

Michael and I did the town. He told me where to cruise, took me to the Radio City Cinema (reality) to try the upstairs john, and then we sat in an outdoor cafe all night and talked about his country and mine. It was weird, but I adored his country, its people, its animals, its freedom, its open wildernesses, lakes, river, and streams. By contrast, he adored the States, its chrome and glass luxury apartments, its beautiful people, its long, shiny cars, its cowboys, its wild west, its sexy discos. I did not disillusion him, but urged him to come see for himself. Looking off into the night, Michael promised he would, if I'd take him around on safari. I gave him my name and address and promised him I would. I hope he takes me up on it.

Adrian was not in town, a bit to my relief, for I had about had it, sexually, and needed a night off. Oh, I slept with Michael, but it was the warm, soft, stupid kind of night, not the hard, brittle, agonizing kind. I'd been saving for Alan. Michael knew, apparently, what I'd gone through without him having to tell him, and not once did he make a false move. He didn't go anywhere near my ass.

I woke up looking for Alan, and when I realized where I was and with whom, I woke Michael, and we just lay there, smiling at each other.

Together, we breakfasted, and Michael took me shopping: I bought some fantastic materials, found a tailor who could make shirts for me in under a week, and then, after a large lunch, with gallons of gin and wine under my belt, Michael returned me to my room. I slept for a couple of hours, and Michael gently woke me up. He looked sad and refused to answer when I asked him why. I'll see you next week, I told him. I did not cheer him up. O.K., I told him to put on a happy face, and I guess he did, because I can only remember a happy evening full of laughs. He took me to my room, half loaded, and we kissed out inside the door, with the lights still off. When at last he turned to leave I saw the tears streaming silver down those beautiful black cheeks.

Ready again to leave at noon the next day, I invited my sure punishment. Although I did not greet Alan when he picked me up in the Land Rover, but got in obediently without a word, before we had gone two blocks I blurted out my concern for Michael.

There was no reply from Alan, except an increase on the accelerator pedal as though he wanted to get somewhere faster to do something quicker. I was sweating with fear. Alan couldn't help but see it. I took off my shirt and wiped my arm-pits with it.

When we stopped for lunch I expected to be beaten. I was not surprised then, when I bent over to pick something up to have Alan's boot find its target, right in my sore ass. I flew flat on my face, and every time I started to get up I got kicked. Alan kept telling me, ordering me, to get up, but then came the soot. Then he told me to get my pants off, but I couldn't do it fast enough to please him, and the kicks landed all over my body, again and again. I was dirty, badly bruised and bleeding when he finally planted the sole of one dusty boot on my face.

"I could make your face level with the dirt," Alan said. I could only see him with one eye, but I could tell he meant it were I to make one false move. He told me to take off one of my boots and socks and to hold the sock up. When I had done that, and, remember, the sock was filthy from a week's wear, Alan took out his cock and pissed on it, soaking it good, and then told me to stuff it, all of it, in my mouth. I did, and when it was all in it was all I could do to breathe.

"One more time, one more act of disobedience, and the boot goes up your ass, you lousy, scruffy shit-eating bastard, understand?"

I nodded, and Alan let me up, shoved me into the Land Rover, and threw my ass and boots and my other sock in after me. I thought I had been reprieved, forgiven, but Alan, in his fury, told me I hadn't even tasted what was in store for me.

Alan, after we had sped further down the highway, suddenly slowed to a crawl, and finally stopped. He told me to take the gag out of my mouth and get my camera. I did; it was already loaded, and he told me to set the range for fifty feet. I set the rangefinder as I'd been told, and then, stark nude, I was ordered out of the car and told to walk down the road. I started walking, the Rover trailing close behind. And then I saw him.

Standing by the side of the road, not a quarter of a mile ahead stood the biggest goddam elephant I've ever seen in my life. It was easily identified as a bull, for his tusks were huge and prominent, swooping out and around his trunk, coming so close together at their tips it was a wonder his trunk could pass between them. He had enormous ears, which he flapped the way cows flick their tails at flies. He wasn't doing anything just standing there pawing at the ground occasionally with a gigantic hoof.

I felt the bumper of the Land Rover hit me behind my knees. "Move," Alan whispered, and again the Rover nudged me. I turned around to plead with Alan, "Turn around once more and I'll run over you." I turned back toward the elephant and started walking. Now, I don't know if you've ever walked, totally naked, except for a camera, down the middle of a road in Africa, straight into the range of a bull elephant, but there I was, dumb, just flat, and began pissing and shit. I gas I was dead. My bladder and ass just wouldn't let that.

Fifty feet from the elephant, Alan told me, his voice a nice calm whisper, to shoot as many pictures as I wanted, but to go no closer. I took the whole fucking roll, one after another, as fast as I could, then, without permission, scrambled into the Rover. Alan honked the horn loud and long, and taking his own sweet time, "my" elephant turned and ambled away from

the road. Alan gunned the engine, and we raced past the spot where a moment before he'd stood. After scaring the shit and piss out of me, all the old bull did was wave his silly little tail at us as we passed him by.

It was the first time I'd seen Alan laugh as hard as that, in fact, he had to pull up and stop he was laughing so hard. My trembling hell, I was shaking from head to toe. Finally calmed down as did his spasms of laughter, and we were soon on our way. It was, of course, o.k. for me to talk about animals, and I asked him if we'd been in as much danger as I'd thought. You'd better believe it, he told me.

If the authorities ever catch me working you over they'd just laugh, but if they caught me shoving you down the road to play with a bull elephant, they'd have had my license in about two minutes."

I thought about that for a second, and then Alan told me to wipe the shit off my thighs with my shirt and then put the shirt back on.

We drive on into the most beautiful scenery on earth, endless plains stretching from here to gone, with here and there a herd of antelope, a few giraffe, occasionally a herd of huge water buffalo. A tiny dust storm on the horizon was identified as a moving herd of elephant. The sky was as clear as I'd ever seen, with just a cotton ball of fluffy cloud here and there. The sun was hot, but not brutal, and the air so pure you'd believe you were breathing the purest oxygen. Again, my natural high was climbing.

"Keep looking off to the right," Alan said, and my eyes strained to see whatever it was I should see, and in about five minutes I began to see it. Mount Kilimanjaro!

I had read about it, imagined it, made it magnificent in my dreams, but it was more magnificent than I could ever have dreamed or imagined, much more exciting than the written descriptions I'd read in Hemingway. Nothing was said, even though I could have spoken if I'd wished. As we approached the great mountain with its towering peak of snow I could only now and then glance at Alan's face. He, too, was enraptured, only glancing at the road now and then, seemingly staring, bewitched at the mountain. It was so some mighty, Valhalla, a magnetic lure drawing to its bosom those of us fortunate enough to have laid eyes on it. At best I am not very articulate. Now, all I could say was, "Wow." Low, softly, smoothly, as the sight of the mountain overwhelmed me.

That night we pitched camp but the first time Alan wanted no part of a lodge. He wanted me awake and alert as the first rays of dawn struck the top of the mountain. I built a fire as Alan instructed me, cooked and served first his food, then mine; and then Alan strung me up, my arms tied to a limb of a tree.

"When you wake up in the morning," he said, you will know how good it is to be alive." And with that he started laying on his belt. First he worked my ass, then my back, then the back of my legs. I could not help but scream, and Alan came around in front of me and told me to shut up and started on my front side. My chest was crisscrossed with long swelling welts, and then he wrapped the belt in swift blows around my legs. Finally, as if he had been just building up to it, he let his belt slap across my belly and gradually, harder and fiercer with every stroke, he lowered his aim to my genitals. I had a wild hard-on which pulled my balls forward, and as I shrieked with pain at every stroke of the belt, Alan only swung with greater effort.

Just before I passed out I noticed how heavily he was sweating and I remember seeing his erection swaying from side to side as he laid on his lash. And then he stopped. He grabbed my balls, twisted them viciously and shot his load of sperm all over my cock and balls. It was then I passed out.

Before dawn I was kicked awake. I could barely move. I have no idea how long Alan left me hanging, but my shoulders felt dislocated. The sheet I was lying on was sticky with blood, and the blanket that covered me stank of piss. Somehow I managed to stagger to my feet, and Alan shoved me under the tree limb where I'd been strung up. I thought to myself that the beating would start all over again, and I felt myself, in spite of the real pain and aching agony, getting hard again.

But Alan had another surprise for me. I was just standing there, and suddenly, although very briefly, I was drenched in cold clear water. Alan had rigged a portable shower on the limb, and its cool cascade brought me back to life with a jolt.

"You may talk," Alan said, "but first, let's have some

coffee." I took the coffee pot from the coals and poured two steaming cups. In spite of the freedom to talk, I didn't; I just sat at Alan's feet adoring him. When we had finished the coffee he told me to piss and shit. My cock and balls were swollen, and it hurt to piss, and hunkering down to shit was no joy, either.

"Now," Alan told me, "go over and lean against the tree and look off to the South." Alan covered the coals of the fire with dirt, and the night suddenly became much blacker. I stared off to the South as I'd been told for about a half an hour. And then I saw it.

First, just a point of light, and fractions of a second later, a blaze like an arc light: the sun had caught the snow on Kilimanjaro's peak before dawn. A minute later dawn began, and with it came not only a new day, but a new life. As Alan had promised, I knew then how glad I was to be alive. I watched "my" mountain grow in the light to its incredible proportions, lighting up in the dawn as if it were emerging from the sea, like the dawn of creation you keep hearing about. When the display was about over I turned to Alan. He saw the tears of gratitude in my eyes, took me in his arms, and kissed me full on the mouth.

Alan rubbed salve all over me, gave me a clean sheet, and told me to go back to sleep. I thought I'd never be able to go to sleep, but I did, the second my head hit the ground.

Alan kicked me awake again around noon, and our roles were resumed. I was told what a useless shit I was, told to pack up the gear, given a beef jerky, and told to sit in the car and shut up.

Again, the plains as we skirted the base of the mountain. Again, the occasional herds of animals, always the mountain, and as we drew away from it I kept looking back to see it, to watch it fade in the afternoon sun.

In Mombasa in time for drinks we stopped at the Nyalí Beach Hotel. I bathed Alan in a luxurious shower, soaping him, scrubbing him, rinsing him with a soft cloth, and then drying him. He made me strip, and he examined my wounds. None was swollen with infection, though they were all a bit raised. He checked my cock and balls, and except for some blood blisters, they were o.k. There, too, the swelling had gone down.

We dressed for dinner and drove into town on Kilindini Road to La Frontanella, a cool, completely relaxed courtyard restaurant where we had more drinks and a superb meal. Alan asked me what I'd like in the way of sex, joking, and jokingly I replied that I'd like a large African cock down my throat and another up my ass at the same time.

"In your condition," he laughed, "that's exactly what I'd like to see." He paid the bill, paid the headwaiter to have someone guard the Land Rover and hailed a cab. We drove into the city, sections of town, the old Arab quarter a maze of huts, where only a foot would walk on foot. It was dark, scary, mysterious. The cab dropped us at Khamisi's, whatever that was, and we entered a dimly lighted house that proved to be an old world bordello. The light came from oil lanterns, and the rooms were peopled with veiled women and a few young boys. Alan spoke to Khamisi himself, a flaming queen, and then we went out for a gin, presumably while Khamisi lined up my studs. At the bar nearby Alan gave me two condoms, and told me to use them or else he'd never touch me again.

We re-entered Khamisi's, and the flaming one led us upstairs to a room empty but for a bed and a couple of chairs. And then they came in, two of the largest blacks I have ever seen, and two of the blackest. They wore only nylon stretch bikinis, both white and bulging. Alan lounged back in a chair to watch, and with some misgiving, I began to shuck off my clothes. When I stood nude I could see the two boys watching me, eyeing my cock and buttocks, and their own endowments began to swell to enormous proportions.

Following Alan's advice, I peeled off my bikinis, sized them up, and rolled the rubbers into their cocks. I went down on the largest to get it well coated with saliva, sat the other on the bed and went down on him. The first one mounted me from the rear. I would have screamed if I hadn't choked. They were the two largest cocks I ever had, and I was taking them both at once. I sucked like mad to take my mind off the pain in my ass, and the pain soon eased as my sphincter muscles stretched to accommodate the plunging piston. The pressure

on my prostate was incredible, constantly sliding, rubbing against it, and thought I was in no way used to the taste of a rubber in my mouth, the first time my cock swelled to the point where I could feel every vein with my tongue, and the ridge of his cock's head was almost too large to pass outside of my teeth. They pumped, and I sucked and twisted, and suddenly they both plunged.

I couldn't taste the sperm, of course, and I couldn't feel the rush of sperm up my ass, but when they both pulled out their condoms hung loose at the tips, each with at least two tablespoons of sperm. I lay back, exhausted, and the boys stripped off their rubbers and poured the sperm out onto my chest. They rubbed it in again, and this time even harder, and were about to start giving me a fabulously lubricated hand job when Alan threw me a towel. The boys pulled on their white bikinis, smiled politely as if we'd just had tea, and left with a cheery "Good night!"

I dried the sperm off of my chest and made to get dressed, but Alan told me to lie back down. He went downstairs and returned a few minutes later with half a tumbler of whiskey.

Grimsy, he said, splashing the whiskey onto my chest and stomach. He gave me a clean towel, and in spite of the stings on my cuts, and now on my cock and balls, I wiped myself dry. I dressed, we cabbed back to La Frontanella, and drove back to the Nyalí Beach hotel, where again Alan made me shower. Once again Alan let me sleep curled up beside him.

The next morning we got in early start driving up the coast to Takunga and Malindi. We stopped and swam in the ocean whenever Alan felt like it. It was fun, splashing around, refreshing as any good workout, and for me it was always tinged with excitement, for Alan played with me. He did not play with me as a pal or buddy, he played with me as if I were a toy, a rubber ball to be punched, thrown, and held under for his own amusement. These sessions — there must have been five or six of them in two days — got progressively rougher, and I got progressively harder. By the afternoon of the second day of driving and swimming my balls ached with the need to come, and I begged Alan to let me jack off.

That made him furious, the least little complaint or whine from me intensified his desire to see me suffer and learn to accept the vicissitudes of life with stoic calm and indifference. He took me out into the ocean waist deep and ducked me, not at all playfully now. He was much stronger than I so my struggles were pitiable. He held me by my hair at arm's length and simply held my head under water as long as he liked, over and over and over again. I must have swallowed half the goddam Indian Ocean.

I was very near drowned when, after an hour or more of this, Alan dragged me back up onto the beach. My gut was swollen with all the water I'd swallowed, and it protruded as if I were pregnant when Alan forced me to stand at attention. Then he slammed his fist into my belly. I fell to the sand vomiting water and bile, retching my guts on the beach.

There were fewer animals along the coast, and Alan turned us back inland for the drive back to Nairobi over the lower plains. They reappeared with greater frequency as we drove inland, and one day I saw my greatest prize, a whole pride of lions, at least a dozen of them wandering along about a mile away. We parked the Rover, and Alan told me to put on my boots and knife.

As we moved at a fast march toward the pride, I strangely felt no fear. I was trembling a bit, but it was from excitement. We continued to move, and the lions continued to feed. The females were feeding, the satiated males — two of them — were just standing, yawning, blotting. They did not even seem to be on guard. "On guard?" I asked myself, "on guard against what?"

About 500 yards from the pride Alan motioned me to freeze. We waited in the dry grass and just watched. It was unbelievable. The lions seemed totally indifferent to us, but we were on their turf, and if they had spotted us and were feeling like it they could easily have had us for dinner. Their grace, their regal attitude, their beauty and freedom impressed me as no other sight in my life; I was, pure and simply, awestruck.

Alan placed his lips to my ear.

"The wind is shifting around," he whispered. "We'd better go." It was all I could do to tear myself away, and back at the car I pulled myself aboard, not with relief but with regret. Alan sensed the change in me.

"You're learning," he said, with a tight smile. "With only two more nights to go, I may be able to make something out of you after all."

The first of these nights Alan mummified me with Ace bandages from the top of my head to the tip of my toes, leaving only my genitals exposed. The bandages were tight, and I could not move a muscle. I'd been in bondage before, but never quite this totally, and with every single muscle immobilized, I strangely felt the greatest freedom I'd ever known. I realize that sounds paradoxical, and I'm not sure I can explain it, but it had something to do with being put completely in Alan's hands. I was able to breathe, I was in no pain, but I couldn't even twinge a muscle, not even flicker an eyelid. I think the exposure of my cock and balls had something to do with it, for I was very aware of how vulnerable they were. Occasionally Alan would give them a slap, occasionally he would gently stroke them, and just before leaving me he would bound them with thongs. When he left he told me he was leaving, and I instantly thought of being some lion's breakfast. But there was absolutely nothing I could do. I was gagged -- again with one of my filthy, pissed on socks -- and could not cry out. I could not move.

But again, strangely, I was not afraid. I was incredibly happy, and to repeat myself, I felt, paradoxically, the greatest freedom I'd ever known. I heard Alan moving away from my bound body, and his sounds faded completely. I was alone now, ecstatic with joy. I could feel my cock throbbing against its narrow leather bonds. The feelings grew inside of me, from deep inside of my groin, and without willing it, unable to control it, my cock and balls approached orgasm. It took maybe an hour; the only movement was my blood coursing through my veins and arteries, but it was just enough movement to bring me to climax, and I remember vividly the unparalleled sensation of my sperm ejaculating high into the African night accompanied by a soft moan of sheerest happiness. I could not even shudder, and for, being contained, my spasms lasted longer, perhaps a half-hour, than any previously or since. For hours I lay awake, enjoying the immensity of it.

Alan returned and released the Ace bandages, but he made me continue to wear the leather thongs wrapped tightly around my genitals. He said to me that I had said, there were cum stains all over the bandages, but he never mentioned it, just smiled knowingly. I suspect he understood what had happened to me all too well.

That day, as we approached Nairobi for the last time, with Mr. Kilianaire just a faint shadow in the distance on our left, I began to feel the pain of leaving Africa, of leaving "my" animals, of leaving Alan. As a treat for me, I thought, we saw more animals that day than any other, and my camera ate its film up voraciously. My heart continued to pound with excitement -- my shouts of glee heard the sounds of antelope, and I am sure Alan thought me completely mad: I was like a small boy in a candy store, absolutely ape with joy.

I have no idea of how much sleep I'd had the night before, but my enthusiasm never flagged. At the last lodge we ate our best dinner ever, and I was wide awake with excitement as I set up my cage for the last time. Sleep was the last thing I was thinking of. Alan sat alone on the porch this time, thank God, and he talked well into the night, explaining, as best he could, what Africa meant to him. Here was this great man sharing the wealth of his knowledge and insights with a nude boy cramped into a wire crate! Later, much later, Alan took me from the cage and trussed me on my back with my wrists fastened to my ankles.

For a long time his fingers moulded the cheeks of my ass and would beat the stray hair of my cock and balls. I begged him for it with my eyes, but he refused. He was making me stare now with just the tips of his fingers. Then he grabbed my skin now and very slowly he started to penetrate, first with just one finger, and finally with all five. His hand was massive, and I doubted that his knuckles would ever clear, but he kept up a steady, even pressure, twisting his hand clockwise and counter clockwise, and before long they were in. My ass sucked at his hand now, drawing it into me to the wrist and beyond. Alan stopped for a while, massaged his fore-arm, and then began to move inward again. I could feel him inside me, of course, but more than that I could feel every flicker of movement, and I had a wild feeling of possessing Alan. As his arm gradually entered me, Alan took my cock in his mouth and lovingly began to suck me off. He sucked beautifully, with great ex-

pertise, bringing me to the edge of climax, holding it, and all the while coordinating the movements of his fist and arm with those of his tongue and cheeks. Anything like this would have had me off in two minutes, but Alan managed to hold it off for at least an hour, and when I finally came with a screaming ache of pleasure, Alan never stopped, but just held me with his warm sperm-filled mouth and his arm supporting my arching back. He swallowed my sperm and then began again. I came four times that night, and not once did Alan take his mouth from my cock nor his arm from my ass, and except for torturing my balls with his free hand he gave no evidence of any sadistic streak. I was his and he was mine, and I was deliriously happy.

When I finally went completely soft, with no sign of ever returning to tumescence, Alan released my cock and slowly, gently withdrew his arm. He untied my wrists and ankles, which had bled, but which I had not noticed, and then he ordered me to my knees on the floor before him. He told me to look him in the eyes and open my mouth, and he just stood there with his hands on his hips, not moving a muscle. Suddenly I could see his balls tighten up, the canal along the bottom of his cock flood, and he shot, shot what seemed like a plume of hot sperm all over my face, my hair, my chest, and into my mouth. I had not touched him, nor had he touched himself. He had come from just looking into my eyes, looking long and hard into the eyes of the man he had created, an extension of his own great mind, the product of less than two short weeks of shared experience, danger, heat, and love.

We drove into Nairobi the next day, and I looked forward with dread to the ending. Michael was not there. There was a note from him which explained that he had had to go back up-country for his father's funeral; he had not wanted to spoil my visit to his country by imposing his grief on me.

I cleaned up at my hotel and attended to all that had to be done, and picked up my shirts from the tailor shop. Alan had promised me one last dinner, and I dressed for it in clean new clothes. I was determined to be as brave as I had been with the lions; not to have been would be to betray all Alan had taught me, but I knew it was not going to be easy.

Alan came to my hotel room to settle up. He handed me a bill for services rendered which was precisely the amount I'd been told a guide would require.

"I'm embarrassed," I said, signing travelers cheques. "I don't know about tipping."

"Well," Alan replied, "I'll let you take me to dinner, and one more thing..."

"Sure, anything."

"Your filthy rotten stinking clothes. Will you give them to me?"

I made a small bundle of the filthy rotten stinking clothes, the pissed socks, the shitty shirt, the stained jeans, the knife I had worn so close to my balls, the new boots that now looked ready for a grave-yard. I wrapped them in some of the bright material I'd bought and tightly tied it with the leather thongs from my knife.

"Not now," Alan said. "After dinner."

In spite of my fears, we had a fantastic dinner, talking about the sights, the animals we'd seen, the fun we'd had, the laughs we had, and then, with utter finality, it was time to go.

"I'm leaving in the morning," Alan told me. "I won't be able to see you off." I knew he was lying.

Back in my hotel room Alan held me for a long time. The lights were out in the room, and only a little light filtered up from the street. I desperately hoped he couldn't see my tears.

"Good-bye," Alan whispered. He paused for a beat and added "My friend."

I let through my lips a choked "Good-bye, Alan."

"And I love you," Alan answered softly, adding much more gruffly, "Now, give me those filthy rotten stinking clothes."

I handed him the bundle, but before taking it he slipped a thin chain over my head, and I felt an amulet thump against my chest.

And then Alan was gone.

The amulet is a silver lion's head.

As I checked in at the airport, leaving Nairobi, leaving Kenya, my heart welled up in my throat, the girl at the ticket counter handed me a note.

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OUR CENTER SPREAD is entitled "GIVING HEAD," by San Francisco artist OLAF ODEGAARD is the first in a series of 14" x 36" art panels exploring the nature of macho sexuality in the gay world. The full size signed lithographs are available through the artist at \$7.50 each; full details are to be found elsewhere in this issue of DRUMMLER.





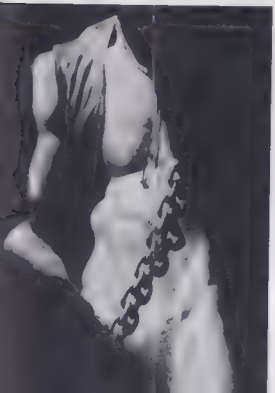
Men South of Market

JIM STEWART of Keyhole Studios in San Francisco has recently had One Man Shows at the Ambush and currently has one at the Catacombs, both of that illustrious city. His showing of photos of Christo's Running Fence will open at the Galeria Vandre in Madrid.

His work will be on public display at his studio at 768-A Clementina as a participation in the South of Market Open Studio.

Jim lives in the South of Market area and does much of his photography in that neighborhood and at various locations ranging from Mount Tam to the Slot Hotel. On one side of our new foldout section are a few of the shots from his MEN SOUTH OF MARKET showing. We have been promised heavier examples of Jim's work for future spreads, but these were chosen as examples for our Jack Issue.

When not behind his Nikkon, Jim does construction and carpentry work around the city. His Keyhole Studios also makes prints of his exciting work available by mail.



DENVER M Aquarius 24 5'8" 160 White 6'1" Knowledgeable. Sincere leather lover dogs and cats. Wants to get into prolonged tube bondage (dog and later) and willing to experiment and correspond Box 110

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BOSTON S Aries 42 5'10" 150 White 6'1" Knowledgeable. Seeks partner over 18 for oral sex and discipline and proper handling. Same size or smaller smooth body. Must submit to being whipped and being spanned. WASP style or welcome discretion required. Long term only on strip. Box 253

BOSTON MS Scorpio 47 6'10 170 White 7' Knowledgeable. Fully experienced in all sexual acts. Seeks partner to 50 who is S&M. Submissive. No cable required and no payment. Box 76

CHICAGO MS Aquarius 37 6'2" 180 White 6'1" Knowledgeable. Has strong desire for S&M's well-endowed partner. 300 or 400. High to masters. Seeks only no hairy. Star Box 3840

DANFORTH MS Scorpio 28 6'1" 180 White 6'1" Knowledgeable. Rough yet loving. Must seek driven, intelligent, adventurous and/or man to 40. No cat filer, fast, pro. m. photos. Box 157R

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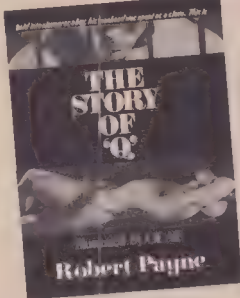
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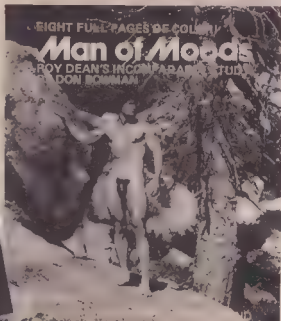


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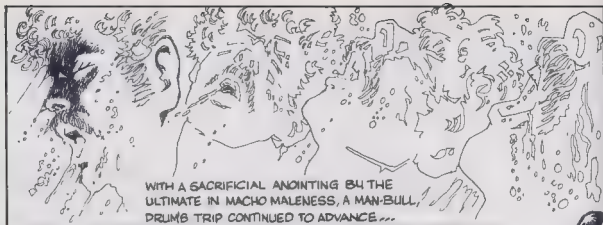
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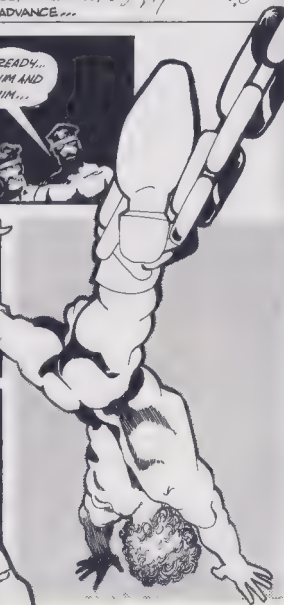
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DRUM PAID A VISIT TO A NEW LEATHER BAR AND GOT INVOLVED IN A BRAWL. HE SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF ENGULFED IN A SERIES OF SITUATIONS OF NIGHTMARE PROPORTIONS THAT HIS BRAIN COULD NOT SEPARATE FACT FROM FANTASY...



WITH A SACRIFICIAL ANOINTING BY THE
ULTIMATE IN MACHO MALENESS, A MAN-BULL,
DRUMS TRIP CONTINUED TO ADVANCE...





THE NEXT EXPERIENCE TO COME WAS
OBVIOUS EVEN TO DRUM'S SCATTERED
SENSES...THE HUGE FIST!

SOMEWHERE DEEP IN HIS
BRAIN A LOGIC DEVELOPED.
SURELY PAIN IS NOT A
SENSATION OF DREAMS...
BUT WAS HE DREAMING?



slapshot

(A "slap shot" is the most powerful — and most brutal — shot in ice hockey, with the puck sometimes achieving speeds estimated at 130 miles per hour.)

Regular readers of my movie reviews ought to know that Ed Franklin is far from being a linguistic prude. On the contrary, I was among the first to applaud the breakthrough toward naturalistically earthy dialog as far back as *Carnal Knowledge* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, regarding it as an upward step toward total movie maturity.

However, the incessant gamy language in George Roy Hill's *Slap Shot* (so monotonously raunchy that even the ads caution "Certain Language May Be Too Strong for Children" and display an unusually large R rating) proved an utter turn-off to me and actually prevented any appreciation I might have left for whatever positive values this Universal release had to offer. Art is supposed to enlighten and uplift, but I left the Screening Room ready to growl "Fuck you!" and deck the first person who crossed my path.

Paul Newman's unerring lack of taste in choosing vehicles (remember *Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!*, *Paris Blues*, *A New Kind of Love*, and *WUSA?*) remains unsullied. As Reggie Dunlop, player-coach of the Charlestown Chiefs, a "fifth-rate" hockey team — he is saddled with an unsavory character whose lack of redeeming features not even Newman's twinkling blue-eyed charm can overcome. Women, man, animals! all are mere objects in his myopic vision. Women are just for fucking (especially if it's his best friend's wife), men for manipulating (especially if it's his best friend), and animals beneath contempt (especially if it's his best friend's St. Bernard).

Now, about the best friend Played by *The Rookies* dropout Michael Ontkean, he should by rights have been the prime focus of the screenplay, the only person — with the exception of a superficial Galatea-like transformation wrought upon his wife — faced with any kind of a moral decision that could result in good old-fashioned character development. Against all scripting odds (including a climactic on-ice striptease, complete with bumps and grinds, that ends with him making a slow circle of the rink in a cop-

out jock strap), attractive young Ontkean registers promisingly.

As does Jerry Houser in the role of an initially mild-mannered team member who, once introduced by coach Newman to the singular joys of physical violence, suddenly appears in a Dracula-like cape over black T-shirt lettered "KILLER," a supersufficiency of cuts and bruises (we are compulsory witness to the ice-side stitching of his torn lip in one typical scene), and a glittering ring in his left ear lobe, the ultimate in macro image being an obvious inference.

While we're talking about the cast, mention must be made of marvelous Strother Martin's playing of the team's general manager, who, having long since been caught in drag by Newman is blackmailed by our sometime hero into revealing — a major plot device — the real owner of the team. Having so reported, I must caution DRUMMER readers that there is in this film an unpleasant anti-gay subcurrent that makes one even more apprehensive about what Newman might do, if ever, with *The Front Runner*.

My point is proved by the fact that among the beer-guzzling, card-playing, TV-watching, womanizing, toilet-tongued crew, "fag" is the ultimate of epithets, and "you suck cock" the apogee of insults. Required, as a publicity gimmick, to model clothes at a fashion show, one of the team, garbed in a colorful leisure suit, checks his reflection in a mirror and mutters "I look like some cocksuckin' fag." And Newman, angered that the affluent female owner of the team (elegantly enacted by Kathryn Walker) has decided to dissolve it, delivers in its vilest of threats: "... and your son looks like a fag to me. He's gonna end up with some dy's cock in his mouth!"

The slight plot is pegged on the attempt to revive the dying hockey team by opting for all-balls-out violence, just a millimetre short of what we saw in *Rollerball*. This results in endless farcical fights and free-for-alls that allow us to empathize with many shots of red blood on milky ice, creatively photographed by Victor Kemper. Hardly a substitute for aesthetic integrity, but not without its visual appeal.

Reflected upon in post-viewing solitude, an Archimedes-like "Eureka!" syndrome becomes operative. Of course! This film was written by female Nancy Dowd! This explains it all! The whole presentation is an exercise in vengeance, the overt denuding of virtually all us males of anything even vaguely resembling

ing dignity — the revenge of Lucy and That Girl. (If you yearn for a truly stellar female contribution, let me say that editor Dede Allen — of *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Hustler*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, etc., etc., has done her customary splendid job.)

So what's my recommendation? Well, if Michael Ontkean's bare buns, some other standard glimpses of locker room flesh (Dept. of Incidental Intelligence under those sexless uniforms, jock straps are worn *outside* long ohns), the entire team "mooning" from the windows of its transporting bus, lots of blood and gore, and Paul Newman throwing away obscenities are significant values to your lifestyle, by all means fork over the required number of bucks and enjoy, enjoy. If, on the other hand, upbeat entertainment values are your thing, stay home and focus in on *The Pollsters*.

One final note. Paul Newman's wardrobe is a leathersman's delight. Although supposedly not to well-paid, our Paulie manages to sport a full-length black leather coat with a cut-to-the-navel squirrel collar, a brown leather leisure suit, a black leather acket — to say nothing of a panoply of turtle neck shirts ranging from virgin white to Newman-eyed baby blue. And, ah yes, while his gym-styled boxer shorts may not be quite form fitting, they are prettily patterned.

Well, we all have our needs

— Ed Franklin

Mohammed— messenger of God

In the bumptious tradition of the late Cecil B. DeMille, producer-director Moustapha Akkad has decided to do for Mohammad what his breeched-and-booted forerunner did for God, Jesus, Moses, and Delilah. Rationalizing publicly that "basically, the two religions follow the same ideas . . . worship one God, and believe in one Prophet — the Muslims in Mohammad and the Christians in Jesus Christ," Akkad does not make us privy to possible private meditations that may well have considered the opportunities for blood and violence such a subject might provide.

A cool \$8 mil has been invested to put Akkad's decision to the test, and

under the aegis of Filmco International we, the public, are now given the final determination, as it is to be an Easter Holiday attraction in major cities. An international cast of quite respectable actors (Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas, Michael Forest, Peter Madden, Michael Ansara, and newcomer Johnny Sekka in the pivotal role of Bilal) was enticed to join the effort and help encourage our more positive reactions.

Shot on the Sahara and Libyan deserts as a pretty fair approximation of 7th Century Arabia, the film deals with the conflict between Mohammad's uncle, Hamza (Quinn, strutting and striding stalwartly) and powerful Meccan leaders Bu-Sofyan (Ansara, just plain stalwart) and his wife Hind (Papas, splendid but wasted) over the prophet's teachings which threaten to undermine traditionally despotic power.

Mohammad has spoken too boldly against the many injustices of contemporary society (slavery, torture, gratuitous cruelty), and Hamza's defense of these views provides the impetus behind the rising action. The bombastic climax is the nicely-staged Battle of Uhud, a confrontation which ends with Mohammad and his followers forced to flee to the hills. Jack Hildyard, Director of Photography, deserves special credit for his contribution to this sometimes overblown effort.

We also cannot overlook the work of Senegalese Johnny Sekka as Bilal, a slave converted to Islam who becomes a devoted follower of Mohammad. It is reported that he had to go into training in order to weather the rigors of the role, which includes a torture scene where he is staked out on the ground and rocks piled high on his chest — a form of torture rarely seen on the screen (cf. Allan Eagles).

The score, composed and conducted by Oscar-winning *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Dr. Zhivago* Maurice Jarre, and expertly played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, is not only appropriate but also less intrusive than one might predict. Phyllis Dalton's costumes seem suitable, if a tad less revealing than they could be. All other credits speak well for the enormous cost involved.

All in all, though not perhaps (as touted) in the same league with *The 7th Year*, *Ban Hui*, and *The Ten Commandments*, *Mohammad — Messenger of God* is a far from unpleasant means of whiling away a couple of hours, and is especially recommended to S and M aficionados.

Ed Franklin



BOOKS



THE TATTOOISTS, written and published by Albert Morse, 819 Eddy Street, San Francisco 94109, \$30, or \$35 after July 1; 128 pages hardcover.

This large and handsomely produced pictorial ode to an oft despised art and its practitioners was refused by other publishers, so author-attorney Morse (who represents the Tattooists Assn. as well as Cartoon Workers — he published a cartoon world newsletter in 1975) had to do it himself. The result is an eye-filling cross between scrapbook and catalogue, of leading artists with snippets of quotes by and about them and their work — on or off human flesh — assembled without apparent order.

Picture labelling isn't always clear — whether a photo is of the artist discussed opposite, or of his work on someone else's skin. Business cards printed opposite most artists' names don't always make it apparent if they are still at that address, or, sometimes, what city they work in. But the quotes are interesting, personal, and sometimes discordant, as in a few views of psychologists and the ponderously morbid 19th Century criminologist Cesare Lombroso, telling us how savage and degrading this habit is.

Some of the elaborate designs, such as the super-phallic squid on the cover (and on a physician's back) and others by Reg'n's decorative Ed Hardy, are inspired by Oriental art, as also is the superb work of Marty Holcomb. Phil Sparrow, one of the best in the field, began with 20 years as a college English professor, supplied vast amounts of information to Dr. Kinsey, then retired from tattooing in 1970 to begin writing the adventures of Phil Andros, hustler par excellence. He is also the author of an unpublished book, *THE TATTOO JUNGLE*. Some of the most lavish and clearly homophobic work is by Hollywood artist Cliff Raven who specializes in highly original designs and prefers not to have a customer tell him what design to put on.

There's little appreciation here of the aura of sexuality that can often be produced by very crude "homemade" tattoos.

Several of the tattooists are groovy-looking in their own right, and their attitudes toward their work vary widely. Says Ed Hardy "Tattoos are like a little picture of what people are and what they would like to be. It's kind of their reality and their dream... If I am going to do a big piece, I don't want it to be on someone that I don't think should be wearing it."

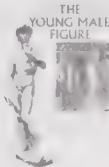
Bert Grimm, one of the field's grand old men, says: "A lot of people seem to think tattooing is a big sex thing. When I was in St. Louis, Albert Parry (author of a 1933 book, *TATTOO*) interviewed me and all his questions seemed to deal with sex. Finally he said to me that I would have to admit that all tattooers were queer. I told him to get out. As far as sex is concerned it never entered my mind while I was tattooing. I was just too busy to think about it."

Phil Sparrow's reports to Dr. Kinsey indicate that possibly some tattoo artists may have had the time to be less single-minded.

The book also includes a number of patent documents, photos of tattoo parlours inside and out, but no clear explanation for the layman of the overall process. Those interested should also check into the smaller booklet, *HEAVILY TATTOOED MEN AND WOMEN* by Spider Webb, McGraw-Hill paperbacks, \$5.95, 100 pages, a fine selection of pre-1960 photographs (all black and white) focusing more on the bizarre than on artistic qualities.

A fuller discussion in either book of the sexual interest in tattoos would have been appreciated.

— Jim Kepner



THE YOUNG MALE FIGURE by Brandt Aymar. Crown Publishers, Inc., 419 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y., 10016. Hardcover, 247 pages.

A curious potpourri of penises and asses is on view in the "275 Classic, Rare, and Unusual Illustrations" that comprise Brandt Aymar's collection of *The Young Male Figure*. From fourth millennium (B.C.) Mesopotamian terra-cottas to contemporary Akron Ben-Shmuel granites the pages of this book do, indeed, focus on paintings, sculptures, and drawings featuring a plethora of the promised unclothed (more often than not) "young males."

Informative rather than perceptive, the accompanying text is evidently intended to justify the scholar's nondescript interest in what naked guys looked like since the beginnings of visually-recorded time. It should come as no great surprise to *DRUMMER* readers that the traditional distinguishing feature of our sex has ever been a penis (you have one, I have one, and with any luck our twin may meet).

Brandt Aymar, ever the professional anthropologist, in a brief foreword concedes that he has limited himself to "the author's own personal choices, the physical size of the book, and the intent to present the young male figure only when he has esthetic appeal." The fact that among Aymar's oeuvre, heavily of the "pictorial history" genre, is "Cruising for Fun" and "The Complete Cruiser" should not, however, raise one's expectations too high.

Essentially, this is a tome with a fragmented focus. Reluctant to make an overt appeal to its obvious gay audience, Crown Publishers huffs and puffs that "this volume will prove invaluable to art students, collectors, art historians, psychologists, sociologists, and all others who are interested in the relationship between the development of art and the creation of the male figure."

There are few, if any, revelations here, despite the jacket's "rare and unusual" claim, for anyone with even a blinking acquaintance with art history. And, the "young" of the title broadmindedly encompasses "youths" aged from the indistinguishably seven to the nondescriptly mature. The major thrust, nevertheless, is on the truly youthful and there is page after page of what can only be termed "chicken delight."

As for Aymar, his delight is apparently orally fixated. His exegesis is liberally sprinkled with such panting passages as "exquisitely defined and delicately parted lips," "large lips and open mouth show a certain sexual gratification," "sensitized by the covetous contours of his mouth," "poetically sensuous mouth," "an attractive boy with full lips," "the mouth rounder and more sensuous," and "the parted lips of the two boys... add to the extreme sensuousness..."

On the other hand, there is no lack of the lustily masculine, and no fewer than seven reproductions of he who must most certainly be the patron saint of masochists everywhere — the bound and martyred St. Sebastian. A disappointing lack of color is somewhat mitigated by the fact that the bulk of material deals with drawings and sculpture. Further compensation is the inclusion of such little-known but exciting turn-ons as Prudhon's "Study of a Nude Male Figure" and Kirchner's "Artillerymen," an oil rendering of some dozen or so young German soldiers in a shower room showering.

En Fin, while *The Young Male Figure* reeks of the respectability that makes it thoroughly appropriate for open display atop your little walnut whatnot in the hall, it is, as well, a book you will find yourself dipping into time and time again.

Ed Franklin

THE SEXUAL OUTLAW, A Documentary by John Rechy, a Non-Fiction Account, with Commentaries, of Three Days and Nights in the Sexual Underground, Grove Press, New York, 282 pages.

John Rechy, a pioneer since CITY OF NIGHT appeared 14 years ago, is exploring those steamy parts of gay life which more image-conscious writers tend to overlook, has here expanded a theme he has suggested previously, as in the GAY SUNSHINE interview which he says was heavy edited.

In a white-hot account of events supposedly occurring in one three day period, we follow the sexhunk of a muscleman here called Jim but elsewhere described as Johnny Rio or simply John Rechy. In between the many scenes of fucking and sucking from the beach to Selma Avenue to Griffith Park to garages and the backs of butch bars (a more explicit reprise of Rechy's earlier book, NUMBERS) he argues fitfully, sometimes passionately, that "the streets are the battleground, the revolution is the sex-hunt, a radical statement is made each time a man has sex with another on the street."

These chapters alternate with montages of press clippings: contrasting gay bar and park raids with such ironies as the vice cops' Girl Explorer Scouts interlude. Other sections recount interviews Rechy has undergone, or make direct appeal to gays and heteros alike for a more liberated view and practice of sexual freedom.

He is flatly opposed to those who would win gay acceptance by a mask of respectability and conformism. We gain freedom by exercising freedom, not by polishing our image or by pandering to closet fears.

Rechy speaks repeatedly about the right of everyone to have sex openly and proudly, speaks of his own constantly nagging fear of being rejected, but time and again he rejects others, turns cruelly away from even those he has initiated contact with, because he finds them "unattractive," or "not attractive enough," or because at that moment he doesn't wish to give what he will willingly give a few minutes later to someone else.

He speaks nobly of the need for homosexuals to "discover their particular and varied beauty . . . from that of the transvestite to that of the bodybuilder . . . the young to the old . . ." yet not once does he display anything less than contempt for the old or for those who don't attract him at the moment.

His description of the 1976 L.A. gay parade and the police attack which

followed it is a masterpiece of joy and rage, but it is half ruined by gratuitous and misplaced attacks on some of the gays who worked hardest to bring the parade off, and he drops his insults with complete disregard for whether the person they land on had anything to do with the incident (the registry of the lesbian elephant at a Hollywood hotel) he finds so objectionable.

The book is uneven. Sex scenes are sometimes vibrant, sometimes a bore. The argument also is sometimes strong, sometimes self-serving. But now and then a passage stands out starkly, as the brief description of how "the insurgents of the legendary sixties" came to the fabled Sunset Strip . . . "proclaimed that flowers in one's hair meant love and peace, and, man, that's all you need. But the rampaging cops said ugh-ugh! and, to prove it, crushed the flowers because the children had refused to move on, move on. And then they did, move on, to Manson and Altamont."

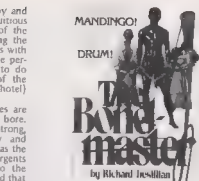
Rechy has seen through the old arguments about homosexuality and normality as few writers have: "The heterosexual norm - marriage, children, home, property - is ingrained into homosexuals as the only possible means of happiness. Homosexuals are taught - by heterosexuals - to expect and even yearn for what, given societal attitudes, is impossible under a different lifestyle. Warring attempts to fuse heterosexual expectations with homosexual needs and realities create the contradictions in the gay world."

Rechy is strong in arguing that it ought not be necessary to judge all sexual contacts lacking if they do not result in or relate to permanent relationships. But his attempt to build a revolutionary morality entirely on fleeting sexual encounters, especially when he himself expresses so much obvious contempt for many of his partners or prospective partners.

At moments he seems unsure of his own revolutionary prescription: "What kind of revolution is it that ends when one looks old, at least for most? What kind of revolution is it in which some of the revolutionaries must look beautiful? What kind of revolution is it in which the revolutionaries slaughter each other, in the sexual arena . . . and here he goes off to beat the favorite horse of the last third of the book - the S&M scene."

He complained that his strongest criticism of S&M was cut from his GAY SUNSHINE interview. It is his excessive argument against the S&M scene (in which he has participated, and to which he still admits some attraction) even while properly distinguishing those who merely wear costumes from those who wish to be punished for being queer that vitiates his otherwise fine account of the 1976 Mark IV raid.

Advocates of the leatherscene should, I feel, examine his arguments. Some of them are valid and important. Others, I feel, are too simplistic. Overall, it's a powerful book, one which readers of DRUMMER ought not to bypass, even if they might find themselves infuriated at certain passages.



THE BONDMASTER by Richard Tresilian. Warner Books, Inc., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y., 10019. Paperback, 446 pages, \$1.95.

Gleaming in the now overly-familiar fields sown by Kyle Ostcott, Lance Horner, and, more recently and most authoritatively, Alex Haley, one Richard Tresilian (another pseudonym?) has dashed off *The Bondmaster* in a transparently prurient attempt to fill his coffers. And at this point in time the formula for such an effort is so inexorably fixed that virtually anyone with enough free time on his hands, and an inexhaustible supply of paper, can be assured of reaching print.

All you have to do is establish a Southern plantation, people it with a weakly handsome master, his repressed but beautiful sister, a sadistic overseer (or, as in this case, "bondmaster"), superbly muscled blacks, a wise mammy in the kitchen, and then throw in the inevitable auction where naked slaves are fondled, the developing affection between master and one idealized chattel, the seduction of that "favorite" by the sister, an escape and recapture, punishment (preferably castration), and a bloody uprising.

Tresilian has provided all these standard events, written in a plodding prose padded with some of the most colloquial dialog since Marc Connelly discovered gold in them: their *Green Pastures* slaves are not commanded to "shuck down" but rather to "step out of yer trogs," "nuts" become "bollocks" and "yes, massa" is more economically cut to "yas, sah."

Preoccupation with removal of male sex organs causes Tresilian to supply us with not one but two such vividly detailed scenes, in one of which balls are cut off "He grasped the testicles in his left hand . . . and swiftly nicked through the skin holding the scrotum" and, later, a cock ("He pulled Mingo's penis until it extended about eighteen inches . . . slashed at its base until it separated from the slave's body . . . parted Mingo's lips and jammed the severed penis between them").

To plow through 446 pages in search of such infrequent nuggets is more than this reviewer would wish on any unwary reader. Far better to content yourself with that dog-eared copy of the prototype *Mandingo*.

The Third The Third

"Every man has his breaking point," an old saw closely associated these days with various nefarious cloak-and-dagger capers, provided the *raison d'être* for third degree methods developed by America's finest during their darkest hours of the Twenties. Ostensibly a means of inducing confessions, these terrorizing techniques all too soon came to be applied as expressions of individual vindictiveness, often racially or sexually inspired, sometimes just plain sadism. In the following article, I will examine ways basic tortures were refined, through a series of ingenious variations, into systems of inflicting pain that rarely failed to achieve the desired results.

A nationwide investigation, sparked by the urging of our aroused electorate, was conducted in the early Thirties by a blue ribbon group which came to be known as "The Wickersham Commission." In various cases which occurred between 1920 and 1930, this Commission reported that "suspected persons" had been "starved, kept awake many days and nights, confined in pitch-dark and airless cells, had been beaten with fists, clubs, blackjacks, rubber hose, telephone books, straps, whips; beaten on the shins, under the knee cap (at the point of the patellar reflex), across the abdomen, the throat, the face, the head, the shoulders, above the kidneys, on the buttocks and legs; kicked on the shins, the torso, and in the crotch..."

Further revelations were that victims, often innocent, "had their arms twisted, their testicles twisted and squeezed, had been given tear-gas, scopolamin injections, and, choriform, had been made to touch corpses and hold the hands of murdered persons in morgues; in one case, a man had been laid flat upon the floor and lifted repeatedly by his organs of sex. This in modern America between 1920 and 1930, in the fifteenth decade of the Constitution, and for the purpose of obtaining 'voluntary' confessions of guilt" the report concluded in astonishment.

"A heavy share of the confessions with which the trial courts are deluged would not be worth the paper they were written on, as evidence, if judge and jury knew how they were obtained," the Commission stated. "A type of perjury, accordingly, is the last link in the chain of police unlawfulness that begins with false arrest and follows with illegal detention, the incommunicado, and the third degree. Later lawlessness must cover up the earlier. Police take the stand and swear that the confessions are voluntary."

An eighteen-year-old boy, identified only as "Tony," was picked up on the streets of New York one Saturday afternoon as a possible suspect on a murder charge. The treatment given him is a classic example of vicious interrogation techniques, and we are fortunate to have a great deal of it from his own lips. At first, he recalls, there were only threats, primarily by an Italian detective Tony refers to as "X," who would mutter such things as "I'm going to get permission to do like they do

in (a neighboring city), hang him up by the feet, beat him up and kick him in the testicles—that will make him talk."

"This sort of thing went on until 7 or 7:30 P.M.," Tony reported to the Commission, "detectives coming in to turn then Mr. (the lieutenant in charge) said he was taking his wife and children to the show." At this point, "Y," a third detective, enters the scene. It seems that many police departments had one such man, a professional inquisitor or departmental sadist, to whom such cases were turned over for "solution." Not the action of the lieutenant in charge—he turned Tony over to the official beater-up, then established his own alibi.

"After the lieutenant left the room," Tony continues, "X made me stand up, near to but not touching the wall. They

**"WHILE I LAY ON THE TABLE,
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WHAT YOU WANT ME TO SAY
IF YOU LET UP -'"**

all continued to question me, up to the point where I had denied any knowledge of the affair so often that I finally refused to answer any more questions. X then slapped me in the face when I refused to talk, using profane language, telling me he would make me talk.

"X got a piece of hose about two and a half to three feet long. I was then ordered to turn my face to the wall of the room, facing the corner. Y hit me several times with his fist on both sides, just below the ribs. He also slapped me in the back of the head and in the face so that my head struck the wall many times." This has the appearance of a well-practiced technique. The simultaneous crashing of two fists into the hollows above the hips, coming unexpectedly from behind, is rather ingenious; but compelling a man to stand erect for

Degree Degree

hours at a time is as old as the Star Chamber itself. To continue.

"I asked for a drink of water and some food, which was denied me. Some time after midnight the two detectives took me from the homicide room, out through the big room and into an office . . . I was ordered by the detectives to stand facing a corner of the room, so I could not see what was going on. I did so for several hours; I was not permitted to sit down or lean against the wall in any way, and was struck many times with two fists just below my ribs on both sides of my body."

So it lasted for the remainder of the night. These attacks by an unseen assailant, from behind, were apparently of the sort that leaves no marks — a primary consideration of the American detective in his routine quest for truth. This was a "softening-up" process: "The lieutenant came back Sunday morning, somewhere, I would judge, between 9 and 10 A.M. Started to talk nice to me, but I told him I had nothing I could tell him. This questioning was carried on until about 1 or 2 Sunday afternoon."

Therefore, the second degree of this third degree had, from the police point of view, failed. At about two o'clock that afternoon after Tony had been continuously mishandled for twenty-four unending hours, someone in authority decided it was time to get that confession. Tony explains how this was done: "I was made to strip, lie down on a table face downward, my head hanging over the end of the table. One man held one arm with one hand, and pushed my head downward with the other hand; while another detective held my other arm. One detective held my two legs. The last time I could see what was going on, X had the hose in his hands."

"While I lay on the table, I was beaten with a rubber hose over my bare back, just below the ribs, for forty-five minutes or an hour, being asked at intervals 'Will you talk.' My answer always was: 'I have nothing to say,' or, 'Nothing I can tell.' Finally, to get them to stop beating me, I said: 'I will say what you want me to say if you let up — stop beating me.' I was then permitted to get up from the table. X still had the hose in his hands, and Y was there with another. They then, for the first time, gave me a drink of water and told me I could order what I wanted to eat."

In the invaluable underground classic, *Our Lawless Police*, many such bloodcurdling case histories are documented. It is noted, for example, that "an interesting Chicago discovery was that the local telephone book, weighing several pounds, would knock a man down if swung hard enough against his ear, yet would leave no marks. Within one year, a fourteen-year-old boy had been hung head downward out of a window, and a man had been similarly suspended in a room, both at headquarters, and both by steel handcuffs gripping their ankles."

One case history, related by Leo V. Brothers, who was suspected of complicity in the murder of a reporter, Alfred Lingle, has the ring of truth because of its denial that he had

been either struck or starved. Brothers claimed that, for the first four days and nights after he had been apprehended, he had been "hung up" as they do prisoners in certain penitentiaries, generally over doors. In this case, he said, he was manacled with hands above his head to the overhead box of the toilet, being shackled at the same time by the ankle to a leg of the bathtub. After the fourth day he was taken down and allowed to sleep, but was put to bed in spreadeagle fashion, handcuffed to the bedposts by arms and legs and lying on his back.

Other reports include that of a box being placed over a suspect's head and shoulders "as acid was applied to his sex organs," and of another where "at the climax of the affair, the arrested man was stripped, made to lie full length upon the

FURTHER REVELATIONS WERE THAT VICTIMS, OFTEN INNOCENT, HAD THEIR ARMS TWISTED, THEIR TESTICLES TWISTED AND SQUEEZED; HAD BEEN GIVEN TEAR-GAS, SCOPOLAMIN INJECTIONS, AND CHLOROFORM; HAD BEEN MADE TO TOUCH CORPSES.

floor, and, in the words of the public official who later made a statement to the parole board, "lifted by his sex organs, not once, but several times." This is a Mexican practice . . .

As recently as the early Seventies, Jonah Raskin, a 27-year-old assistant English professor at New York's Stony Brook College was arrested with 40-year-old Robert Riley near the Waldorf Hotel during a demonstration protesting a Nixon appearance. As reported by Jack Newfield in *The Village Voice*, the two men were taken to the basement of the 17th Precinct (167 East 51st St., New York) where they were allegedly beaten and tortured. At a press conference at Raskin's apartment on Riverside Drive, Raskin said:

"The cops who beat us had no uniforms on. They were in street clothes . . . They beat us for 20 minutes in the squad

room, and then for another 20 minutes in the basement. They kicked us in the balls. Stuck pins in our back. They used pliers on our elbows. They rammed their nightsticks into our stomach like bayonets. . . . It was a systematic beating, with different cops participating at different times, about 20 altogether. They used pins, blackjacks, and pliers. One guy even kept kicking me in the crotch."

"They also spit at us a lot," added Riley, and "bang, bang, bang in the kidneys. They made us say our name was 'fuck face,' and if we wouldn't say it, they beat us up some more. . . . They also kept making anti-communist comments as they beat us." Raskin, who suffered a broken finger and a split bone in his nose, also showed the reporters purple welts and bruises on his back, legs, and chest. This is, indeed, a far cry from the Twenties when more care was taken not to leave tell-tale marks on a victim's body.

Another suspected murderer, in *A Modern Purgatory*, tells his story of the third degree at police headquarters. After two days and nights passed in a cell without food or water, he claims, he was brought into the presence of several masked (!) detectives. Stripped to his bare skin, he was forced to stand on a metal rack with burning hot points until he attempted to jump off, when "the whole gang of sleuths" assaulted him, beat and kicked him, and forced him back.

"Without rest or halt, questions were yelled at him in quick succession," the story continues. "[and] when the answers were unsatisfactory, the vilest and foulest of insults were shouted at him, tauntingly, sneeringly, to arouse his anger and loosen his tongue. No opportunity was given him to concentrate his mind. He was racked by a gnawing hunger, a parched throat, a delirious thirst; by painful stinging wounds of cut lips, bleeding teeth, two half-closed black eyes, and a constant hopping on the radiator to keep the soles of his bare feet from burning."

Then they tempted him by bringing a table covered with luscious, steaming food and sparkling drinks. Like Tantalus, "he was intercepted and derided when he attempted to partake of the food and drink." Meanwhile, the detectives ate and drank with relish almost under his nose. They continued this torture for several hours, until his body was still nude and mind could bear the strain no longer. He fell to the floor in a dead faint.

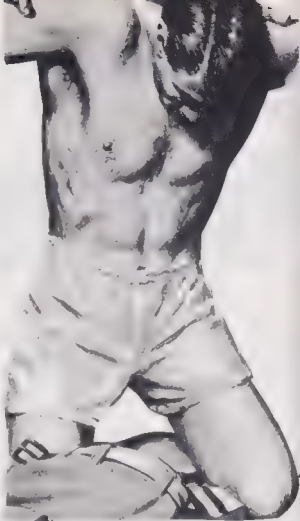
There is on record a case in 1962, when New York City police were hunting the suspected slayers of two detectives killed during a Brooklyn holdup. On May 21, three days after the double murder, police picked up 27-year-old Richard Melville, identified as a petty gambler and friend of the suspected killers. At the 66th Precinct House, Melville testified in court, his arms were twisted behind his back, and he was beaten by two lieutenants and three plainclothesmen about the head and genitals.

Stripped naked, he was forced to lie facedown on a bed in a secluded room in the station house and was repeatedly struck with both a wooden stick and a rubber hose. In a grisly reminder of the Gestapo, he told the court that lighted cigarettes were applied to his bare back. Eventually, he told the police what they wanted to know.

Two years later New York City Police Private Henry Walburger was shot by an armed bandit who was holding two partially disrobed women at gunpoint in their apartment. The next day the killer's court-appointed attorney charged that his client had been escorted to the police station "by 20 or 30 police officers," that no part of his body was unbruised, and that as the suspect was being led to the booking desk, a plainclothesman kicked him in the groin. "I not only saw it," the attorney said, "I heard it."

Negroes have been particularly victimized, to the extent that one black, who knew whereof he spoke, warned his "brothers" during an orientation session in the Sixties that "We've got to get this Man off our backs or we aren't going to have any backs left for him to get off of. If they catch you, you know what they'll do: step on your balls, run five hundred pounds of pressure from a water hose up your ass. We've gone over the record; we know the Man can't stay away from your privates. They'll make you talk that 'Whitey's stick.' He's been making niggers talk for half a thousand years. So listen, if they get your price in a vise, just go ahead and talk."

Even the Wickersham Commission noted that "In Dallas, a Negro, emasculated by kicks, and in frightful condition, had appeared before the grand jury and named certain policemen



as his attackers and headquarters as the place. The grand jury declined to indict.

"For several years, the Dallas police had used a storage-battery device known as the 'electric monkey': it had two terminals, one of which was put against the victim's spine, and the police called this 'giving him the needle in the back.' It was chiefly used upon Negroes, at night, and in outlying woods to which they were taken with an implied threat that there might be a lynching. It got confessions."

The story of George Whitmore, as detailed in *Justice in the Back Room*, offers graphic evidence of police sensibility to charges of brutality these days. When first taken, he was pushed into a room and ordered to undress. "Take off everything," the boy was told. When his clothes were all off, a photographer entered the room "carrying a huge camera" and took pictures of his naked body, front, back, sides, "in accordance with a police policy of photographing murder suspects naked to provide rebuttal evidence against charges of brutality."

Most recently, those numbered in Los Angeles among the "Mark Forty" can attest that while they were subjected to no overt brutality, the long-time denial of toilet privileges inflicted both physical and psychological torment, and many bore scars on their wrists for days from the plastic handcuffs that were tightened to the point of cutting off circulation. In some cases it was a matter of weeks before full feeling returned to their hands.

Such is the measure of how far we have advanced in the past half century. □

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FURY OF THE FOREIGN

PART I

The stories of torture, blood, and brutality connected with the French Foreign Legion are almost endless.

Last month's issue (No. 13) described rough treatment at the hands of colleagues and superiors. As if that weren't enough, French Foreign Legionnaires risked even more horrendous tortures if they were unlucky enough to fall into the hands of enemies, especially the desert Arabs. It was the specialty of Arab women, in particular, to wreak vengeance on and mutilate a captured Legionnaire as long as he was alive. (This was also so often the case with American Indians.)

It must be admitted that they possessed considerable skill in this matter in a bloody and morbid way. The usual procedure for those females was to have the prisoner spread-eagled on the ground after every piece of clothing had been removed. Then, after a few preliminaries (which usually consisted of pulling off finger and toe-nails, or the exposure of the soles to an open fire till the flesh of the man's feet was charred), the Legionnaire was castrated.

All the time, great care was taken that none of the inflicted injuries would cause the prisoner's quick death. If he fainted he would be patiently revived and then torture continued. The climax was always reached when the victim's sexual parts were cut off. While this operation was immensely painful, it was not always immediately fatal. Cases are on record where such a tortured Legionnaire lived for several hours and even days.

The Arab women did nothing to put the mutilated victim out of his misery. On the contrary, if he proved to be more resistant than expected, they would smear honey around the open wounds in order to attract a maximum number of flies, ants, and other insects. Many bodies of men were found which were literally blackened by crawling swarms of insects of every possible description.

In Loehndorff's *Hell in the Foreign Legion*, there is a short paragraph describing a type of incident which happened time and time again, especially during the Moroccan campaign. Its accuracy has been repeatedly confirmed by Legionnaire veterans of these campaigns. "Every night now," Loehndorff writes, "the sentries are attacked. So far 17 have been shot down. At the change of sentry their bodies are found, naked and horribly disfigured. And in the grey light of morning their severed heads and sexual organs come flying over our rifle-stacks."

Waterhouse tells about six Legion deserters who fell into enemy hands. "In a particularly despatched party," he reports,

"we came across the dead bodies of six members of the Foreign Legion. The bodies had not yet been decomposed, and they could be recognized as the bodies of six of the men who had deserted from Sellat. On closer inspection, it was found that their fingernails had been torn off, and it was obvious that they had been done to death in a most brutal way."

Here, he refers to the fact that the six men had been castrated, but he does not see fit to say so openly in his book. However, he admits the fact by implication in a later passage.

Waterhouse also reports the murder of three officers waylaid by Arabs. "Two of the officers had been shot straight away, but the third had been tied up. The Arabs had cut off his fingers and slit his tongue so that he could not cry for help. He had been left to die, and he must have done so in the most terrible agony from loss of blood."

Options given one Legionnaire prisoner by his Arabian captor, Baba, reveal the inventiveness of that tribe in this area: "So long as you are to die, perhaps you would like to choose the way of your death. Would you prefer that my men drag you by the heels from their horses? Perhaps you would like to be spread-eagled on the ground, that they might ride their sorties over you. Then we could impale you on the steel spikes at the gate and let buzzards pick your bones clean."

"Or, if you prefer a really unusual way to die, we could fit you snugly over a young bamboo sprout after inserting it in your rear. Then it is merely a matter of staking you to the ground. The young bamboo grows quickly and it is sharp as a dagger. Its sword point would penetrate your vitals in a day, or a little longer..."

"But I prefer a pleasant death for you, and you shall have a death such as men dream about. The women of my father's harem would enjoy a young stalwart like yourself... They would glory in you and your stiff yard. We shall feed you a little opium so that you will be able to serve them longer and better. Remove his chains! Feed him the opium and let him wash it down with a stiff draught."

Later, stripped, "his hands instinctively reaching down to shield his all-too-apparent maleness," he is cast into a courtyard where "a crowd of women spewed forth. They converged on him from four sides. He backed up to the rim of a fountain leaning against it, his body arched backwards so that his still-erect maleness stood out before him like a shaft. He was enveloped in a tumbling chaos of arms and legs..."

"One grabbed his arms, pinning them behind him, while another lifted his flailing heels and tumbled him to the ground. Their combined strength subdued him and he lay on the ground panting. One of the Amazons squatted on his chest, another held his wrists while a third squatted on his feet. The fourth squatted on her knees at his side. Her hands manipulated him ruthlessly and cruelly with so much vigor that despite himself his body arched in an uncontrollable spasm and the women shrieked in triumph as he ejaculated."

"Another continued where the other had left off. Her hands flailed even more vigorously as though she would wrench his organ from his body, and when she accomplished her purpose... another slid up his legs and worked to revive him, her hand moving like a piston. One by one they worked over him, his body arching no longer in ecstasy but in agony. His screams became hoarser... and there was no longer any necessity to plonk his helpless body. At length even their most frantic efforts could no longer arouse him."

"They fell upon him in a fury. Hands and nails and teeth tore at his flesh. His eyes were gouged out, his ears torn off... one clawed at his genitals with talon-like fingers, emasculated him, and held the bloody trophy of her victory aloft... They renewed their fighting, clawing at him, stripping the skin from his body tearing at his muscles. One cackling, Fury wound his intestines around her neck. The tiles of the courtyard were slippery with blood, and the Legionnaire was a shapeless mass of red meat."

That unfortunate's mistake (not the first male to make it, God knows) was to opt for the harem women. The reverse of this is witnessed by Davis, as he writes that "many a young Legionnaire captured by the *fellagha* while attempting desertion (and this point was especially emphasized by the sergeants) was used to satisfy the sexual desires of the Arab rebels. Young boys were often found who had died as a result of sexual excesses performed on them by a *fellagha* group."

"While they were breathing their last, their sex organs were cut off and stuffed into their mouths. We were forced to view one such victim after his body was brought in. The sight of the severed penis and testicles in his mouth was a sickening enough sight but even worse was what we saw when the body was turned over on its stomach. Then we saw the actual cause of death. A stern warning to would-be deserters."

Interaction of torture techniques between the two opposing forces is evi-

ADISTS IN HISTORY FAMOUS SADISTS IN EN REGION

denced by this passage: "Soon 'the people of the veil' appeared, dragging out six naked men, Legionnaires stripped of everything but the ropes that bound them. They were thrust into holes and dirt was shoveled around them. They were buried up to their necks, held fast by the earth surrounding them, left alone to suffer their agonies under the pitiless sun.

"In a short time their tongues would swell out of their mouths as the water in their bodies boiled from their flesh. Then their tongues would shrink and recede back into their parched throats. But they would be dead before that happened. And they would be raving mad before they died. . . . The six heads were moving from side to side in a macabre rhythm as the earth squeezed their bodies, the sun blistered their scalps and seared their eyes, and insects began crawling across their faces into noses, ears and mouths."

Arabian expertise in the fine art of flogging is related in *The Golden Paganis*, in which two prisoners of shiek Harjit are first stripped and bound in the full sun without food or water. "The sun beat down upon them until their heads swam, their limbs flagged for lack of food, and their tongues swelled for want of water. They were within two feet of one another, each tightly bound to bamboo frames. . . .

"The hours passed with torturing slowness. When the time for their flogging drew near, people of the village assembled to witness the sport and squatted in a large semicircle about them. Then came Harjit's slaves. One of them carried a queer kind of whip, for it was made of rattan cane which had been split twelve times at one end, and was therefore not one whip but twelve. . . . The reporter spares us the details of the ensuing ordeal.

Then we have the fictionalized account of the sufferings of "Nelson," an American Legionnaire, at the hands of an Arab called Be-akle. He was completely stripped and tied to a post planted in a hill of red ants -- yet another example of similarities with American Indian procedures.

"The naked American shivered as the flood of red pain climbed higher. They were at his knees now. It was as if he were standing in boiling oil, scorching and tching more every second. Now the taste of blood had them biting more savagely, and the suffering Nelson heard Be-akle explode with a crackling laugh. . . .

"The ants were at his thighs, and Nelson bit his lip to avoid screaming. The burning of the bites and the crawling sen-

sation as the insect army covered his flesh combined to produce an infinite revulsion, a horror bordering on nausea. Sweat poured down his back and the August heat seared down into the little valley like a blow-torch. . . . Now his loins were on fire, his whole abdomen ablaze." At this point, Nelson mercifully lost consciousness.

Although this tale ends with a fortuitous rescue, few Legionnaires were granted any respite. They were much more likely to be discovered too late, or under circumstances where potential rescuers were unable to do more than watch from afar in horror, as in this account: "Although scarcely recognizable as a human being, the Sergeant-Major, a huge stalwart Alsatian, was still alive. Steel and fire had been used with remarkable skill that so much could have been done and the spark of life still kept in the insupportably tortured, defiled and mangled body. A score of Amazons were at work upon him.

"The Texan Legionnaire, whom we called 'The Bucking Bronco,' was stark naked but apparently uninjured, bound to a young palm. Either he was merely awaiting his turn and incidentally suffering the ghastly ordeal of seeing the tortures of the Sergeant Major and enduring the agonies second-hand."

A most inventive torture of the desert Arabs in their tormenting of captured Legionnaires, especially when they desired information regarding troop concentrations or strategic plans, made an accomplice of nature itself. It was one of the options Baba (see above) offered his victim. The following report details its application to Legionnaire Cawthorne:

"At the moment his head was down, his neck extending over the rough platform of bamboo on which he lay, arms wide apart and feet spread-eagled. The platform was less than three feet above the ground. It looked like a large rustic bed out in the center of the clearing except for two things.

"One was the single growing plant below the platform. This green slip grew straight, and its upper end looked like a thin, almost white, leaf. The other thing was a set of rattan bindings. These ingenious bits of vine fastened at the four corners of the platform. They bound Cawthorne's hands and feet in the positions where they rested.

"At that moment Cawthorne was concentrating on the single shoot of bamboo beneath him. He could almost see it grow, for it had been pushing up at the rate of an inch an hour during the afternoon of the steaming sun. The muscles in his arms and legs twitched, but he

knew he couldn't move. He was bound tight to the rack, right over the growing shoot of *bamboo gigantea*. Within moments the tip of the shoot would touch his chest. In the hours to follow it would literally pierce his body, first his chest and then his heart. . . .

"There . . . he felt the first tiny touching sensation and pulled himself up from it by crooking his head down over the platform of lashed bamboo. He could actually see the shoot touch his heaving chest. The tiny tickling on his chest came and went with every breath. That was how it would be for another hour, with any luck. He raised up a little to ease the tickling, but soon had to let out for air again.

"Then he felt the tip of the plant sharply for the first time. He felt the real push of it and realized that it had strength, no matter how frail it looked. . . .

The pressure increased until it was a definite pain. Then a really horrible pain shot through his chest. It was like a huge sword, slicing into him. His chest was wet. He could see the steady red drops gathering around the stalk, running down in an almost steady stream toward the ground. It was his final view of life."

For DRUMMER readers who feel that any or all of the above might just be their particular cup of tea, one sadly reports that the French Foreign Legion, at least as described on these pages, no longer exists. After its heroic disaster at Dien Bien Phu, the "Corps" was reduced for all intents and purposes to a kind of token honor guard.

Sic transit vainglorious mundi. ☐



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ASTROLOGIC

GEMINI [May 21 - June 21]:

S—With the advent of spring, spruce up the dungeon with potted plants. Cucumbers and zucchini are nature's dildoes.

M—Send your Master the "House and Garden" how-to booklet: "100 Fun Ways to Use Cactus."

CANCER [June 22 - July 21]:

S—Prove you're a real S. Try to go two weeks without beating your slave.

M—Prove you're a real M. Threaten to kick your Master's ass unless he beats you on schedule.

LEO [July 22 - Aug. 21]:

S—Give your slave a fresh start for spring. Shave him with a long-handled scythe.

M—If you're a hairy dude, find a Leo S with a dull scythe. If not, get a large, cheap wig.

VIRGO [Aug. 22 - Sept. 21]:

S—Be really sadistic...fuck a Florida orange.

M—Be really masochistic...write letters of recruitment to Anita's kids.

LIBRA [Sept. 23 - Oct. 22]:

S—Help the California drought: Piss in a swimming pool.

M—Dig out your old rubber ducky (or leather, if that's your trip) and attend lots of pool parties.

SCORPIO [Oct. 23 - Nov. 21]:

S—Look to your future comforts. Find a willing slave with a set of hot buns and a bulging bank account.

M—Write the National Organization for Women a letter beginning "Dear Sirs." Return address is optional depending upon just how M you are.

SAGITTARIUS [Nov. 22 - Dec. 21]:

S—Give someone you love a personalized bruise to your favorite anatomical locale.

M—Wear your mark of love proudly. As a sign of true devotion, ask your Master to sign it in lipstick.

CAPRICORN [Dec. 22 - Jan. 20]:

S—Fertilize your spring garden with rich manure. Put up a "Scot-crow" to scare off shit freaks.

M—Go play coprophilic croquet on a Capricorn's lawn.

AQUARIUS [Jan. 21 - Feb. 19]:

S—Get a new spring leather wardrobe. Picture hats permissible only if you are mean enough to get away with it.

M—Give your Master complimentary accessories for his new wardrobe: cock rings, handcuffs, chains, and colored hankies.

PISCES [Feb. 20 - Mar. 20]:

S—Good time to start a new harem. Learn to rape, pilloge and travel in hordes.

M—Learn to be raped, pillaged and horded.

ARIES [Mar. 21 - Apr. 19]:

S—Great month for piercing your slave's ears. Use a hammer and 10-penny nails.

M—Lick a policeman's boot just for the thrill of it.

TAURUS [Apr. 20 - May 20]:

S—In honor of Mother's Day, whip some unruly mudder into sniveling submission.

M—Call your Mom and tell her she made you what you are today...happy to be unhappy.



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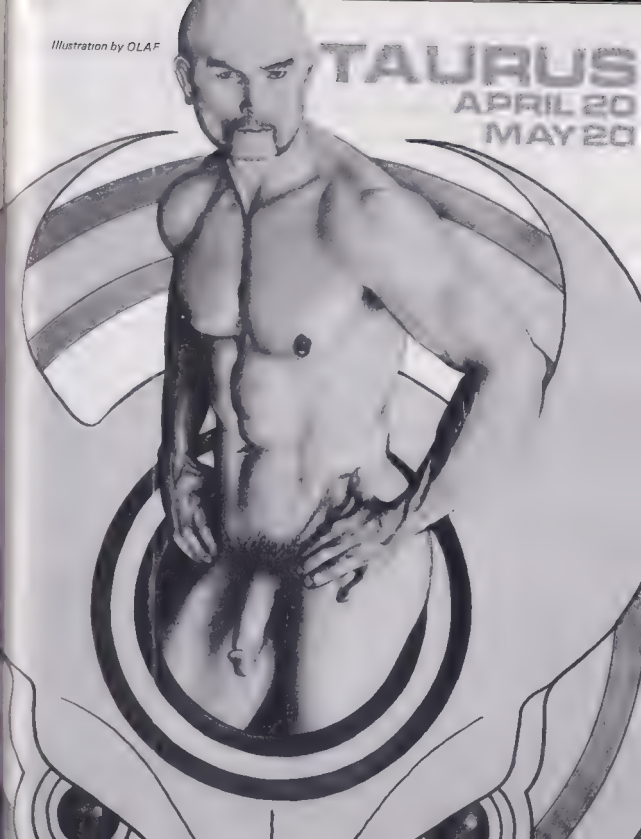
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Plans are also underway for the 2nd annual FAMILY REUNION '77 BROTHERS M.C. will maintain the open, easy-going (and we thought fun), schedule introduced last year. But, at the same time, we plan to add competition bike events. Tentative dates are Friday October 7, through Sunday Oct. 9th. Incidentally, to clear-up the confusion generated by our promotional materials last year, the Anniversary of BROTHERS M.C. is April 23rd . . . and we will be two big candles when that date rolls around.

In the meantime do plan to include Jacksonville in your travel plans. All Club members will find a warm welcome. Call us on the phone (904) 358-9393 or write and let us know when you plan to be in town. You'll find a maturing and

interesting Levi/Leather fraternity. BROTHERS M.C. operates the BACK BAR Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights at 484 May St. The Phoenix is open every night at 10:00 at Phoenix and 11th. Club meetings 1st & 3rd Wednesdays at 7:30 PM, 484 May St.

THEBANSUN '77 is probably the most Southern of all bike runs, being held in Miami, Florida, the first full weekend in February and hosted by the THEBANS M.C.

This group of men presented a simulated Greek city to this years participants, who came from some 22 bike clubs, plus many independents from across the nation and Canada.

The Greek theme was carried to its fullest extent with statues, sumptuous meals, even the bike events including the enduro which had part of the clues written in Greek. And the tents at this out door run were occupied with Greek activity!

The renewing of old friendships and the making of new ones (literally) began the weekend. Immediately a sense of comradery and competition began.

Skill riding, with and without buddy riders and individual sports (including a little of the water variety) on a side trip to the ocean were the pace for the next two days

Entertainment was what you could find for yourself except for the hilarious performance Saturday evening of *Daphne Delight* and her (his?) entourage of unforgettable characters. Her hermaphroditic act was the show stopper. Who else would

have had 54" in one place and 14" in another!

Awards were presented Sunday night after the bacchanale to those clubs and individuals who braved the pads of the "olympics." Special mention should be made that **SPEARHEAD M.C.** of Toronto for the participation trophy **JIM** of the **TEXAS RIDERS M.C.** and **CAL** of the **TEXAS M.C.**, both of Houston, shared distance on a bike to the run and again all **SPEARHEAD** members for traveling the farthest distance.

THEBANSUN '77 is the beginning of what is known as **FLORIDA WEEK**. This is a ten day period of debauchery in which all the clubs of Florida cooperate to provide the most and the best of the L/L scene in the phallic-shaped state.

Following the run, **THE COLTS OF FT. LAUDERDALE** held a cocktail party, and the **BROTHERHOOD OF MAN M.C.** of West Palm Beach served a barbeque, the **CONQUISTADORS M.C.** of Orlando hosted a buffet and special show, ending with another three day run in Tampa/St. Pete, hosted by the **BALL M.C.** called **HAVE A BALL '77**.

It's worth making plans for this wild time for 1978. Take a break from winter and snowball your way South next February!

Other clubs in the state of Florida are the **ADVENTURERS** in Seminole; the **BROTHERS M.C.** in Jacksonville; the **MEISTERS DER MANNER M.C.** in Orlando and the **SUNRAYS M.C.** in North Miami.

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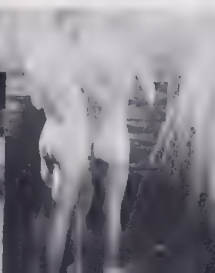
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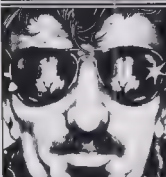
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3. L I C K
4. L I N K
5. R I N K
6. B L N G

1. L A S H
2. — — — —
3. — — — —
4. — — — —
5. — — — —
6. — — — —
7. L Q V E

1. S Q E I
2. — — — —
3. — — — —
4. — — — —
5. — — — —
6. H A B D

1. S H L I
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11. P L S S

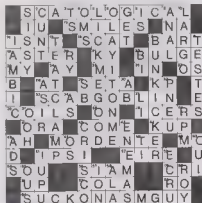
1. H A N D
2. — — — —
3. — — — —
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9. C U E E

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7. D B Y

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4. — — — —
5. B Q Q T

1. G L V E
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4. — — — —
5. I A K E

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They were everywhere. In and around the plants, in groups in all the many corners, many of them shelling smoke.



It was so thick and so long and so unyielding.



As I stared in amazement at what I could almost see happening on the gangway around the elevated structure.

Photos by ART KELLY



The SILVER BULLET SALOON was remixed full with men of all descriptions.

I brushed by cock after hard cock, feeling one here, petting another there

I watched fascinated . . . as they reached and stretched, rock hard chests, wash board stomachs, bulging muscles all aimed at the same goal: get this man a drink



MEN'S BAR SCENE



To the best of DRUMMER'S knowledge, all of these bars are still alive and living in Leather. If you can keep us informed of closings and/or closings of Leather Bars in your area... or let us know what we have missed... it will keep us all informed of where the Leather action is.

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IN PASSING



THE REALLY BIG L.A. SLAVE AUCTION . . .

Had it not been for my little joke, the raid on the Mark IV Health Club charity fundraiser would still hold the record in the *Guinness Book of World Records*, that for "Greatest Police Folly."

Actually, I was only kidding when I called LAPD headquarters and advised them that the kindergarten class of P.S. 69 was planning a slave auction to raise funds for additional crayons and coloring books. Five minutes after my call, however, two plainclothes men in an unmarked car were escorting me to Parker Center for questioning. Initially, I was presented to a police Lieutenant who confessed that he wasn't into vice, which was a shame, but that he knew a Captain who was. It turned out that the Captain wasn't into vice either, which was just as well, but felt that this matter should be referred to higher authority in any case. Finally, a Deputy Chief admitted some responsibility in this area and forced me into revealing all of the lurid details which led to the big Saturday morning raid.

It took two months of planning and cost \$250,000, but no citizen could complain that the raid wasn't thoroughly executed. Promptly at 9:00 a.m. two helicopters, a mobile command post and 33 per cent of all police on duty in the Metropolitan Los Angeles area swooped down on the kindergarten classroom. Previous notice to all the media ensured that television cameras were on hand to record the decadence.

Much of the news that evening was devoted to the testimony of two juvenile police vice squad officers who had infiltrated the kindergarten class, on the alert for dope peddlers as well as slave dealers. They subsequently reported that they had successfully bid two Hershey bars on a four-year-old girl who had offered to "put out" to the highest bidder. (She was to testify later in court that she meant only to provide a wash and wax job on the winner's tricycle. Nevertheless, she was arrested on prostitution charges.)

Two four-year-old boys who were seen holding hands were arrested for lewd conduct. A five-year-old with his fly unzipped was charged with indecent exposure, and another boy with a high calibre elastic band in his pocket was accused of carrying a concealed weapon. Eight children, including the alleged slaves, were handcuffed and booked for violations of the anti-slavery laws which, apparently, make it illegal to be a slave as well as a slave dealer. Alto-

gether, 12 alleged felons (a very convenient number inasmuch as the police just happened to have taken along a 12-passenger bus) were carted off to the central jail. The remainder were grilled until late afternoon, causing much consternation for the parents who were expecting the kids home for lunch.

At a news conference the next day, the Deputy Chief of Police presented much of the evidence. He described the pitiful slaves: two young girls whose pigtailed had been tightly bound in elastic bands; three children whose upper teeth had been tethered in metal braces; one boy with an arm completely encased in a plaster cast, and two others whose fingernails had been chewed to the quick. Yet another girl was forced to chew all at one time five sticks of Trident gum (the only kind her parents let her chew). The Chief continued: "You've no idea of the pain and suffering which went on there."

The TV cameras scanned the implements of torture seized in the raid: one unsafetied safety pin; several pairs of overlength shoe laces; a square of sandpaper; sixteen marble pellets in various colors; some pieces of sharply pointed chalk; several broken pencils with jagged edges; and three leather straps, cleverly concealed as bands on Mickey Mouse watches. The late news also showed the class leader being led away in handcuffs, pointing out significantly that he was wearing his roller skate key on the left side and had a red handkerchief protruding from his left rear pocket. He was televised a second time at a City Council hearing where he stated, "All we were doing was holding an innocent fundraising auction just like the homosexuals do — you know, where the slaves offer to clean up peoples' backyards."

The class immediately announced a second slave auction for the following Saturday, at which time their teachers would be sold off to raise legal fees for those arrested. As it happened, however, all charges were subsequently dropped, although vice squad officers continued to search the playgrounds and kids' backyards for additional evidence and one of the arrestees was later apprehended a second time for riding his kiddie car after consuming two Orange Crushes.

The harassment continued, but, as the school paper later editorialized, that day was one time that the kindergarten kids really stuck together.

Donald Robertson

April 10 was the anniversary of the celebrated L.A.P.D. Charity Slave Auction bust which, one year later, has yet to come to trial. Chief Davis and his cohorts have expended somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100,000 for the bust, which left the L.A.P.D. with egg on its collective faces. Now the District Attorney of Los Angeles prepares to do the same with a month-to-six week trial. To mark the occasion we are offering the above article by an author whose identity we no longer know. It is a delightful piece and we hope to have more by this author on other subjects someday. Happy anniversary!

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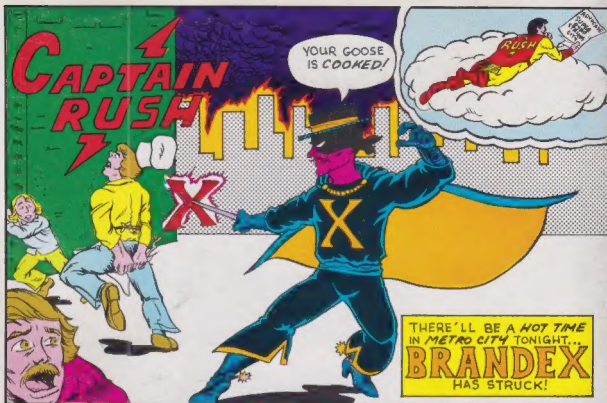
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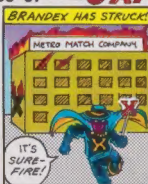
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